Watson's Magazine

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KING HENRY VIII

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THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Vol. XXIV NOVEMBER, 1916 No. 1

King Henry VIII., His Wives, and His Children.

Also Sketches of Contemporaneous Kings, Queens, and Popes.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH says, in his "History of England:"

"The Reformation was the first successful example of resistance to human authority. The reformers discovered the free use of reason. The principle came forth with the Lutheran revolution; but it was at first so confused and obscured by prejudice, by habit, by sophistry, by inhuman hatred, and by slavish prostration of mind . . . that its chiefs were long unconscious of the potent spirit which they had set free.

Even now it is not wholly extricated from the impurities which followed it into the world.

Every reformer has erected a little papacy. He therefore forbids all attempts to enlarge her stores, *and draws a line beyond which human reason must no longer be allowed to cast a glance.*" (Italics mine.)

The free use of reason, by those subject to authority, is, in the very nature of things, abhorrent to those clothed with authority, for the spirit of inquiry leads onward, in the hope of changes for the better, while the soul of authority craves iron-bound organization, implicit obedience, and unchangeable fixedness of creed and caste.

Before Henry VIII. had quarrelled with the Pope, he had been a party to the most atrocious persecution of his subjects. He had sanctioned the torture and burning of Englishmen, whose only offense was *their free use of reason*, to the very limited extent of denying that God, the Almighty Creator, can be made at any time and place, where a priest talks a few words of Latin to a glass of wine and a wafer of bread.

When Sir John Oldcastle—who, according to some, was caricatured by Shakespeare in Sir John Falstaffe—was on his trial for heresy, he told his judges that the Bible was his rule of faith; that every man had a right to the sacred guide; that the bread and wine were *typical*, but not actual, body and blood of Christ.

"What!" cried one of the judges: "this is flat heresy."

Sir John bravely answered—

"St. Paul, the Apostle, was as wise as you be now, and more godly learned; and *he* wrote to the Corinthians, 'The bread which we break, it is not the communion of the body of Christ."

For having said this, Sir John Oldcastle was condemned to death, *by fire.*

The words of the heroic dead are inspiration to the living—should be, to all those who shall ever live—and it seems to me that Luther never spoke nobler, braver words in the 16th Century, when belted around by the military protection of German Knights, than Sir John Oldcastle did, 100 years before, when standing all alone before the omnipotent Primate of Canterbury, who had sentenced him to die the most terrible of deaths.

Said the intrepid martyr—

"Ye judge the body, which is but a wretched thing, yet I am certain and sure ye can do no harm to my soul. He who created that, will of his own mercy and promise save it.

"As to these articles" (of his faith) "I will stand to them, even to the very death—by the grace of my eternal God!"

This gallant soldier, spotless gentleman, and pious Christian was burned to death in St. Giles Fields, (1417), where many of the Lollard disciples of Wycliffe had died for "the free use of reason."

THE MARTYR AT THE STAKE

So intense was the abhorrence of Roman *authority*, at the slightest movement toward independent research, that the Bishop of London, 100 years after the martyrdom of Oldcastle, flung into the Tower, *and caused to be murdered*, a London merchant,

"on the charge of having Wycliffe's Bible in his possession." After his death, it was discovered that his opinions were much the same as those of Sir John Oldcastle; and, thereupon, his body was dragged out of the grave, tried for heresy, condemned to be burned—and was accordingly cast into the flames! (1578.)

(Benger's Anne Boleyn, p. 41 and note. See, also, "Acts and Monuments," by John Foxe, Vol. IV. p. 185.)

In this most horrible case, where Dr. Horsey, the Chancellor of the Bishop had been one of the actual assassins, a profound feeling of indignation stirred the common people, and nothing but the personal interference of Cardinal Wolsey, at the instance of the guilty Bishop, saved Horsey and his accomplices from being hanged for their

CARDINAL WOLSEY

crime. In murdering Richard Hun, the Bishop and his chancellor had gone no farther than they had been taught to go, by the saintly Thomas Aquinas, who was then, as he is now, the favorite theologian of the Roman church.

This typical Bishop, Richard Fitzjames, not only caused his chancellor to murder the heretic merchant, in the dark privacy of the Tower dungeon, but robbed the victim's daughter of her martyred father's estate. Hun had been a prosperous tradesman, worth, in the money of our day, about $100,000, and his assassins confiscated it to their own use. But the young King, (Henry VIII.) when appealed to by Hun's daughter and her husband, ordered the immediate restitution of the sequestered property, expressing, at the same time, the greatest horror at the murder.

(See the King's letter. Foxe, Vol. IV. p. 197.)

This tragedy, which so convulsed the people and gave so much concern to the King, found its way into Parliament, where the guilty Bishop came forward with a savage attack upon the Coroner's jury—"false, perjured caitiffs!"—that had diligently unearthed the facts, and fixed the atrocious murder upon his chancellor, Rev. Dr. Horsy. It had its beginning in a petty piece of greed on the part of a local parson, one Thomas Dryfield. An infant of Richard Hun, aged five weeks, having died in Dryfield's parish, he demanded, as his fee or perquisite, "the bearing sheet"—apparently the linen sheet upon which the babe either had been born, *or borne.*

Richard Hun denied that the priest was entitled to this sheet, in a case where the child was not more than five weeks old.

Rev. Thomas Dryfield was persistent, and he sued the merchant for the sheet, or its value, *in the ecclesiastical court.*

The merchant knew he would lose the case, if the priest tried it before other priests, and he therefore sought the advice of a lawyer. He was told that he could prosecute the priest, under the statutes of *praemunire*, for bringing a foreign law into England, without the King's consent.

When the priest heard of this, his rage knew no bounds, and his brethren immediately took sides with him.

Knowing that the merchant had the law on his side, they took up the "spiritual" weapons, and accused Richard Hun of heresy. The articles of impeachment against Richard Hun are set out on pages 183 and 4 of Foxe's 4th volume; and they show on their face that he was charged with nothing more heinous than having in his possession an English translation of the Bible. To this main charge, it was added, that he had criticised some of the sentences passed upon alleged heretics by the Bishop of London; and that he had declared, that the tithing system was the invention of priests.

Even these allegations could not be proved; and the merchant was sent back to the "Lollard's dungeon" in the Tower, where, according to the witnesses, the jury, *and the official statement of King Henry VIII.*, the innocent object of clerical wrath was privately and most barbarously done to death.

History has given too much prominence to battles, seiges, rebellions, changes of dynasty, and to the personal doings of Kings. Not enough light has been thrown upon the condition of the main body of the people.

What was their relation—politically, spiritually, and industrially—to the ruling power in the State? What was the privilege which the aristocrat enjoyed, at the expense of the peasant? What was the authority which the clerical order exercised over the laity? What part did the commoner take in the making of laws? What voice did he have in Church and State? *What was his mental condition?* What was his economic status? What were his ideas of *right*, in matters of religion and government?

These are the questions which seem to me the supremely important; and therefore I am leaving, now and then,

the straight road of narrative, to give you sidelights on manners, customs, and *the state of mind* which absolutism had brought about, and sought to maintain. By absolutism, I of course mean that kind of government, spiritual and temporal, which denies to the governed the right to "the free use of reason." In the State, absolutism demands that the word of the King be obeyed as law: in the Church, it demands that the word of the supreme head of the organization be taken as infallible.

Applying this definition to the system of things in which you live, you will not be slow to realize that, in the State, absolution dwells with the class which has been able to seize the machinery of government. Other classes must do what this dominating class dictates, because the dictation of this class takes the shape of legislation, back of which are the compulsory powers of tax-gatherers, sheriffs, U. S. marshals, State troops, and the U. S. Army.

In the church, absolutism is much milder than it used to be, but the power is at the head, as of yore. As Sir James Mackintosh says, "Every reformer has created a little papacy."

John Wesley's church's Bishops are at least as dogmatic and imperious, as were the Episcopal bishops from whom Wesley revolted.

QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN

The same thing is true of the other hierarchies. The reason why heretics are no longer put to death for the free use of their reason, is, not because the hierarchs don't want to do it, but because they can't.

The unyielding, ex-Queen Catherine dies at Kimbolton castle, in 1536, and at last the stage is clear for Anne Boleyn, *the Protestant wife.*

This term is the necessary key, if you wish to unlock the mysteries of plot,

and pitfall, and fearful crime, at Henry's court during the remainder of his life.

Of course you are to understand that both the King and his bride were Protestants only to the extent of defying the Pope: *in creed*, they were Catholics to the core; but their revolt against Papal supremacy aroused intense wrath in all Catholic countries.

Remember that, on the other side of the narrow English Channel, King Francis had personally hounded on the man-hunt of heretics; and had feasted with gloating eyes at public spectacles, where Huguenots had been chained to beams above the fires, and had been alternately lowered into the flames, drawn up, and lowered again, until the Frenchmen whose crime had been their free use of God-given reason, were slowly roasted to death.

Remember that Francis I. had married his son to the Pope's niece, the ever infamous Catherine de Medici; and remember that the day rapidly approaches when she and her son shall make the streets of Paris reek with the blood of St. Bartholomew—to the intense joy of the papal court of Rome.

When you bear these facts in mind, and then reflect that the English King had put away a Catholic wife—the daughter of Catholic Kings—to wed a Protestant woman of subordinate station, you can easily imagine the venomous hatred that the Roman clergy felt toward Anne Boleyn. It was savagely murderous in its concentrated vengefulness.

Not only had "Nan Bullen" been the cause of the long, scandalous contention with Rome, the downfall of Cardinal Wolsey, and the stoppage of England's financial tribute to the Papacy, but she had been the step-ladder for Thomas Cromwell's rise to power, and therefore, directly responsible for the King's repudiation of Papal supremacy.

By all the teachings of the Popes and by the most blessed doctrines of St. Thomas Aquinas, this accursed woman deserved death; and there was a settled determination upon the part of the Catholic nobles, the Emperor's ambassador, and the Roman priests that she should suffer it. (Hume: Wives of Henry VIII., p. 253.)

Almost the last words which ex-Queen Catherine wrote, repeated her bitter complaint, that the Emperor and the Pope had not caused England to be invaded, and her wrongs redressed by force of arms. (Martin Hume's "Wives of Henry VIII.," p. 253.)

During the first year of her marriage, (1533) Anne Boleyn gave birth to the child who was to reign as Queen Elizabeth. Above all things, the King passionately wished for a boy, to uphold the line of male succession; but if he was deeply disappointed in having another girl, he made no display of his chagrin. On the contrary, he fondled his young wife tenderly, hoping no doubt for better luck next time.

Several years before Martin Luther nailed his challenge to the gate of All Saints church in Wittenberg, there was an "Association of Christian Brothers" in London which distributed Testaments (in English) and tracts, risking their lives to breathe new life into Wycliffeism, which had never been entirely stamped out. The Association was composed of poor men, small merchants, mechanics, and a few of the humble clergy. Apparently it was well organized, and its treasury was moderately furnished with funds for the carrying on of this missionary work.

Under danger of death if caught at it, the Protestants met in little groups, in private houses, to read Wycliffe's Bible, to listen to earnest discussions of precious texts, and to read the leaflet tracts which have wielded so great an influence over English thought.

The frightful laws of Henry IV. empowered the bishops to arbitrarily arrest and imprison the persons suspected of heresy; and if these persons refused to abjure heretical beliefs, or relapsed after having abjured, they were burnt at the stake. The infamous statute under which these clerical murders were committed recited against

the victims the following capital offences:

"*They hold and exercise schools, they make and write books*, they do wickedly *instruct and inform people*, ... they despise the censures of the church, and they do continue to preach . . . to the destruction of all order and rule, right and reason."

This amazing and barbarous law was enacted in 1401; and during succeeding reigns many an honest Englishman was burnt to cinders, amid the curses of fanatical Catholics, for having had a Bible which he and his neighbors could read, or for having expounded Scripture to his fellow men, or for having taught a school in which some of the grosser superstitions of popery were treated with the contempt they deserve. (See Foxe, Book IV.)

POPE PAUL III. WHO "DEPOSED" THE KING AND CALLED UPON CATHOLIC EUROPE TO ENFORCE THE DECREE

When Luther threw down the gauntlet in 1517, it soon became apparent that the Reformers at last had an ally whose powers would defy all efforts of Popes to choke off discussion.

The printing press flung the new Gospel into the four winds, and it flew

swiftly to every part of Christendom. They could strangle the translator and burn his body, but Tyndale's work was done, and his Testament was an inexhaustible fountain.

We are becoming more and more familiar, in this country, with the vicious abuse which Roman priests pour out against those who expose their corrupt practices and their hideous "theology:" we have grown so accustomed to this peculiarly Roman method that we never expect an infuriated priest to tell the truth, or to set any decent bounds to his venomous vituperation; but it was always so with this monstrous priesthood.

Thus in England, when the scholarly Tyndale, Buchanan, Cranmer and Latimer were drifting away from the impositions of Popery, the Roman bishops described the Protestants as "Apostate friars and monks, lewd priests, bankrupt merchants, vagabonds, lewd idle fellows of corrupt nature," and declared that their "ignorance" had permitted them to be "seduced."

Speaking of the Christian Brothers and of the ferocity with which they were persecuted, Mr. Froude says:

Under much confusion of words and thoughts, confusion pardonable in all men, and most of all in them, this seems to me to be transparently visible in the aim of these "Christian Brothers"; a thirst for some fresh and noble enunciation of the everlasting truth, the one essential thing for all men to know and believe. And therefore they were strong; and therefore they at least conquered. Yet if we think of it, no common daring was required in those who would stand out at such a time in defence of such a cause. The bishops might seize them on mere suspicion; and the evidence of the most abandoned villians sufficed for their conviction. By the act of Henry V., every officer, from the lord chancellor to the parish constable, was sworn to seek them out and destroy them; and both bishops and officials had shown no reluctance to execute their duty. Hunted like wild beasts from hiding-place to hiding-place, decimated by the stake, with the certainty that however many years they might be reprieved, their own lives would close at last in the same fiery trial; beset by informers, imprisoned, racked, and scourged; worst of all, haunted by their own infirmities, the flesh shrinking before the dread of a death of agony—thus it was that they struggled on; earning for themselves martyrdom,—for us, the Free England in which we live and breathe. Among the great, until Cromwell came to power, they had but one friend, and he but a doubtful one, who long believed the truest kindness was to kill them. Henry VIII. was always attracted towards the persons of the reformers. Their open bearing commanded his respect. Their worst crime in the bishops' eyes—the translating the Bible—was in his eyes not a crime, but a merit; he had himself long desired an authorized English version, and at length compelled the clergy to undertake it; while in the most notorious of the men themselves, in Tyndal and in Frith, he had more than once expressed an anxious interest. But the convictions of his early years were long in yielding. His feeling, though genuine, extended no further than to pity, to a desire to recover estimable heretics out of errors which he would endeavour to pardon. They knew, and all the "brethren" knew, that if they persisted, they must look for the worst from the king and from every earthly power; they knew it, and they made their account with it.

Thus, however, the struggle went forward; a forlorn hope of saints led the way up the breach, **and paved with their bodies a broad road into the new era**; and the nation the meanwhile was unconsciously waiting till the works of the enemy were won, and tney could walk safely in and take possession. While men like Bilney and Bainham were teaching with words and writings, there were stout English hearts labouring also on the practical side of the same conflict, instilling the same lessons, and meeting for themselves the same consequences. Speculative superstition was to be met with speculative denial. Practical idolatry required a rougher method of disenchantment.

Every monastery, every parish church, had in those days its special relics, its special images, its special something, to attract the interest of the people. The reverence for the remains of noble and pious men, the dresses which they had worn, or the bodies in which their spirits had lived, was in itself a natural and pious emotion; but it had been petrified into a dogma; and like every other imaginative feeling which is submitted to that bad process, it had become a falsehood, a mere superstition, a substitute for piety, not a stimulus to it, and a perpetual occasion of fraud. The people brought offerings to the shrines where it was supposed that the relics were of greatest potency. The clergy, to secure the offerings, invented the relics, and invented the stories of the wonders which had been worked by them. The greatest exposure of these things took place at the visitation

of the religious houses. In the meantime, Bishop Shaxton's unsavoury inventory of what passed under the name of relics in the diocese of Salisbury, will furnish an adequate notion of these objects of popular veneration. There "be set forth and commended unto the ignorant people," he said, "as I myself of certain which be already come to my hands, have perfect knowledge, stinking boots, mucky combes, ragged rochettes, rotten girdles, pyl'd purses, great bullocks' horns, locks of hair, and filthy rags, gobbetts of wood, under the name of parcels of the holy cross, and such pelfry beyond estimation." Besides matters of this kind, there were images of the Virgin or of the Saints; above all, roods or crucifixes, of especial potency, the virtues of which had begun to grow uncertain, however, to sceptical Protestants; and from doubt to denial, and from denial to passionate hatred, there were but a few brief steps. The most famous of the roods was that of Boxley in Kent, which used to smile and bow, or frown and shake its head, as its worshippers were generous or closehanded. The fortunes and misfortunes of this image I shall by and bye have to relate. There was another, however, at Dovercourt, in Suffolk, of scarcely inferior fame. This image was of such power that the door of the church in which it stood was open at all hours to all comers, and no human hand could close it. Dovercourt therefore became a place of great and lucrative pilgrimage, much resorted to by the neighbours on all occasions of difficulty.

Now it happened that within the circuit of a few miles there lived four young men, to whom the virtues of the rood had become greatly questionable. If it could work miracles, it must be capable, so they thought, of protecting its own substance; and they agreed to apply a practical test which would determine the extent of its abilities. Accordingly (about the time of Bainham's first imprisonment), Robert King of Dedham, Robert Debenham of Eastbergholt, Nicholas Marsh of Dedham, and Robert Gardiner of Dedham, "their conscience being burdened to see the honour of Almighty God so blasphemed by such an idol," started off "on a wondrous goodly night" in February, with hard frost and a clear full moon, ten miles across the wolds, to the church.

The door was open as the legend declared; but nothing daunted, they entered bravely, and lifting down the "idol" from its shrine, with its coat and shoes, and the store of tapers which were kept for the services, they carried it on their shoulders for a quarter of a mile from the place where it had stood, "without any resistance of the said idol." There setting it on the ground, they struck a light, fastened the tapers to the body, and with the help of them, sacrilegiously burnt the image down to a heap of ashes; the old dry wood "blazing so brimly," that it lighted them a full mile of their way home.

For their night's performance, which, if the devil is the father of lies, was a stroke of honest work against him and his family, the world rewarded these men after the usual fashion. One of them, Robert Gardiner, escaped the search which was made, and disappeared till better times; the remaining three were swinging in chains six months later on the scene of their exploit. Their fate was perhaps inevitable. Men who dare to be the first in great movements are ever self-immolated victims. But I suppose that it was better for them to be bleaching on their gibbets, than crawling at the feet of a wooden rood, and believing it to be God.

These were the first Paladins of the Reformation, the knights who slew the dragons and the enchanters, and made the earth habitable for common flesh and blood. They were rarely, as we have said, men of great ability, still more rarely men of "wealth and station"; but men rather of clear senses and honest hearts. Tyndal was a remarkable person, and so Clark and Frith promised to become; but the two last were cut off before they had found scope to show themselves; and Tyndal remaining abroad, lay outside the battle which was being fought in England, doing noble work, indeed, and ending as the rest ended, with earning a martyr's crown; but taking no part in the actual struggle except with his pen. As yet but two men of the highest order of power were on the side of Protestantism—Latimer and Cromwell.

From Bishop Burnett's "History of the Reformation" we learn that Queen Anne Boleyn placed in Henry's hands "The Supplication of the Beggars," a witty, irreverent pamphlet which ridiculed the lusty, idle friars who went about from cottage to cottage levying a tax upon the poor. In the name of alms, this burden became intolerable, and deprived the really poor and meritorious of the charity which had been their means of support.

The author of the pamphlet—Simon Fish, a lawyer—also exposed the cruel covetousness of the Pope in keeping souls in purgatory until money to pay for "masses" was forthcoming. The King was so much in sympathy with the Supplication of the Beggars that he refused to allow the priests to prosecute its author; but we have already seen how the malevolence of these

"holy ones of God," pursued Simon Fish's widow and involved her second husband.

Alluding to the severe experiences undergone by the Reformers, Bishop Burnett says:

"But their chief encouragement was from the Queen, (Anne Boleyn) who reigned in the King's heart . . . . and was a known favorer of them. She took Shaxton and Latimer to be her chaplains, and promoted them to the Bishopricks of Salisbury and Worcester; and in all other things cherished and protected them; and used her most effectual endeavors with the King to promote the Reformation." (Burnet, History Reformation, Book II., p. 165.)

The monastic system necessarily encourages sloth, breeds vice, and covers crime. Healthy men and women cannot be set apart from human kind, to live alone, without producing unhealthy conditions. Nature is nature, and "vows" do not change it. The richest church on earth is vowed to poverty, and the most immoral body of men on earth are vowed to chastity. Thus do the laws of Creation override the puny barriers of the creatures. When our Government investigated the grievances of the natives of the Philippine Islands, it was found that the Spanish friars had grabbed the most valuable properties, securing them by all manner of fraud; and that the men vowed to virginity had introduced every vice known to Europe at the darkest period of Papal domination.

The official Report of the investigation, made to President McKinley by Commissioner William H. Taft, was published as "Senate document 190, 2nd Session, 56th Congress." The awful disclosures were so disastrous to the Roman Catholic church that the Report was quickly suppressed. The devotees of poverty still hold their vast, ill-gotten wealth in the Islands, and the devotees to chastity are still living in much the same old way; but it is now the U. S. Government which is holding the helpless Filipinos in subjection to the Roman paupers and the Roman male virgins.

Four hundred years ago, a Taft Commission in England visited the monasteries and convents, inspecting them, hearing evidence against them, and sending to the British Parliament official Reports on them, quite as damning as Senate document 190. In that case, also, the Roman church tried to suppress the testimony, and it succeeded to a considerable extent; but enough remains to convince the unprejudiced reader that *the papal system* is a tree which bears the same bad fruit, wherever it is planted. Time and place count for almost nothing: differences of race and clime cannot alter the effects of monastic institutions: in their very nature, they are evil; and, no matter when or where they are tolerated, they will become sinks of iniquity, for the simple reason that they seek to set up a standard of chaste, unmated living for men and women *who were designed by nature to have mates and legitimate sexual indulgence.*

As already shown, King Henry IV. owed his crown to the priests, and he was the first monarch in England who allowed them to burn heretics at the stake; but even he and his successor, Henry V., saw with growing dissatisfaction the corruption which prevailed among the monasteries, and more than a hundred of them were suppressed. At the instance of Cardinal Morton, the Italian pope issued an order for the general inspection of convents and the conduct of the Roman clergy.

This papal document contains assertions that sound familiar to one who has read the Report of the Taft Commission. Pope Innocent VIII. writes—to the Abbot of St. Albans—"the pious vows of the founders are defrauded of their just intent; the ancient rule of your order is deserted; and not a few of your fellow monks and brethren . . . . . giving themselves over to a reprobate mind, laying aside the fear of God, do lead only a life of lasciviousness—nay . . . . be not afraid to defile the holy places, even the very

churches of God, *by infamous intercourse with nuns.*"

The pope then reminds the Abbot that he—the Abbot—has taken Elena Germyn from her husband and made her a nun and a prioress, although she was living with Father Sudbury, another monk "as an adulterer with his harlot."

The pope proceeds—

"The brethren of the abbey . . . . are given over to all the evil things of the world. They live with harlots and mistresses, publicly, and continuously, within the precincts of the monastery and without."

After all of this terrible arraignment of the Abbot, his monks, and the nuns, what was done? *Nothing!*

When similar conditions were uncovered in Spain, what was done? *Nothing!*

When the Duke of Tuscany, in the 18th century, investigated the Italian convents, all manner of abomination was proved by the nuns themselves, but the answer which came from Rome was, that nothing could be done. When Erasmus, in the 16th century, laid the same facts before the pope, and pleaded for reform, no effort at reform was attempted. And why? Because *the system* does not admit of reformation. Besides, so many monks and priests are interested in keeping things as they were, that no pope dared to provoke their murderous rage by even threatening a change.

The situation is similar today: the popes dare not interfere with the convents, wherein the priests hold their concubines.

Bishop Burnet says:

"But now I come to consider how the visitors carried out their visitation. . . . . By their letters to Cromwell it appears that in most Houses were monstrous disorders.

Many (of the inmates) fell down on their knees, and prayed that they might be discharged; *since they had been forced to make vows against their will:* with these the Visitors dispensed and set at liberty."

(Substitute the word "Inspection" for "Visitation," and in place of "Houses," use the word "Convents," and you will realize that Veazey bills are nothing new under the sun. They are needed wherever Rome's monastic system is permitted to exist.)

Bishop Burnet states that the Inspectors discovered that the factional spirit in the monasteries was prevalent, and that the stronger faction practised barbarous cruelties upon the weaker.

He proceeds:

"But for the lewdness of the confessors of nunneries, and the great corruption of that state, whole Houses being found *almost all with child;* for the dissoluteness of Abbots and other monks and friars, not only with whores, but married women; and for their unnatural lusts and other brutal practices, these are not fit to be spoken of. The full report of this Visitation is lost, yet I have seen an extract of a part of it, containing 144 Houses, that contained abominations in it, *equal to any that were in Sodom.*"

Mr. Froude states that the opportunity offered by the Inspectors, for the escape from the convents of those inmates who had been held against their will, "was passionately embraced."

One can well believe it. We know that the same eagerness for freedom was shown by the nuns at Rome in 1848, and by the Spanish nuns during the brief rule of the Liberals in Spain.

Why should it be hard to believe that impressionable boys and girls, hastened into irrevocable vows by crafty priests, bitterly regret their life-long imprisonment afterwards, and wildly yearn for liberty? As Mr. Froude remarks—"Children of both sexes, it was thought, had been forced into abbeys and convents at an age too young to have allowed them a free choice in the sacrifice of their lives. To all such, therefore, the doors of their prison house were thrown open."

When we, in our day, read of priests who impose irrevocable vows upon lads of eight and ten years, we feel that the old enemies of Humanity are creeping back, and that enlightened public policy should not tolerate such an abuse of the sanctity of religion.

The law should prohibit—under extreme penalties—Roman priests from administering these unnatural vows *to any minor;* and, even in the case of adults, the State must periodically examine those papal prisons, and offer to each inmate immediate freedom, if he wants it.

As to lovely, deluded girls who are lured into becoming the mystical "Brides of Christ," there is no language sufficiently strong to characterize the crime.

It is the sacred duty of the State to save these misguided young women, whenever possible; and nothing would more effectually conduce to it, than a stern enforcement of Inspection laws, and the swift punishment of a few of the licentious priests.

England, as you may readily suppose, was well supplied with relics and miracle-working images. There was a finger of St. Andrew among these most blessed treasures, and we read of its being pawned at Northampton to secure a loan of £40.—in our money, at present relative valuation, about $2,400. There was also a phial filled with saintly blood, and it had been the cause of many miraculous cures; but when the Inspectors opened it and examined the blood, it was found to be a purplish gum, and not a fluid at all.

Images of "Our Lady" abandoned, and many were the marvellous things these supernatural pieces of wood had done, to the vast profit of the priests; but when they were carted to London, broken into pieces by the axes of the irreverent, and set ignominiously on fire, they burnt as merrily as any other well seasoned old wood.

At Boxley, in Kent, was the famous idol, so adored of Catholics and so gifted with heavenly powers. At times the whole body stirred; at others, the head bowed; at others, a frown clouded its holy forehead. The ignorant laity worshipped this image almost as though it had been Christ, and their "offerings" were a source of huge revenues to the cheats and swindlers who kept up the deception. The Inspectors discovered and exposed the inner mechanism which caused the miraculous outward movements, and this idol went the inglorious way of the others.

In the same way, Napoleon Bonaparte showed to the wondering Italians how their priests were able to work a string of beads inside a marble Virgin, and cause the appearance of weeping. But Napoleon passed away, and the Roman church did not; consequently the same statue is weeping the same tears, at Loretto, now; and the ignorant Italians believe it a miracle, just as their forefathers did.

There are perhaps a million Americans, sane on other subjects, who are as ready as Cardinal Newman was, to believe in marble Madonnas that smile and wink; in miracles worked by a nasty old bone; in the existence of splinters of the Cross, thorns form the Crown, nails that piereced Christ's hands, clothes that he wore, a handkerchief he wiped his face with, and milk from the bosom of the Jewish wife who was his human mother. In fact, madness on religion seems to be a universal phenomenon; and there is no insanity quite so utterly subversive of reason, humanity, and mental progress.

A Baptist Preacher's Survey of the Roman Catholic System

In 1895, the Baptist Book Concern published a powerful book on Romanism, the author being John T. Christian, A. M., D. D., pastor Baptist Church, Hattiesburg, Miss., and I will present a few selections from its fervent pages:

"Human government should have nothing to do with how we worship God. The pope proposes to take from me this blessed privilege. He not only proposes to dictate the faith to his own followers, but the faith of the world as well. He claims to be the absolute judge of right and wrong. "If the pope," says Cardinal Bellarmine, "should err by enjoying vices or forbidding virtues, the Church would be obliged to believe vices to be good and virtues bad, unless it would sin against conscience."

The position of Rome is aggressive. Under the smooth words of good will it hides an aggressive policy. Under the purr of the apparently sleeping cat, we see obtruded the dangerous paw. Like the executioner who bowed before Charles I., kissed his hand and begged pardon for undertaking the unpleasant business in which he was engaged, but nevertheless beheaded him just the same. So Rome fawns and bows, but all the time is fastening her grasp more firmly upon the vitals of our nation.

This position of Rome threatens our homes, our government, and our religion. The man who steadfastly holds the principles of Rome is a traitor to our country. The Roman Catholic power is fast becoming an overwhelming evil. It claims the obedience of the entire man. With such claims as these the very existence of our faith is in peril.

Peter Not a Pope.

Paul never thought that Peter was the rock. He constantly spoke of the rock, but it always referred to Christ. He made all saints a part of the building, but Christ was the chief corner stone. He says: "And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone: In whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord: In whom ye also are builded together for a habitation of God through the Spirit." (Eph. 2:20-22).

If Peter was a pope Paul was a heretic.

4. John did not think Peter was a pope. He saw twelve foundation stones and they all occupied equal positions of power. He says also, "And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb." (Rev. 21:14).

5. Peter himself did not believe that he was a pope. No pope ever wrote sentences like these: "The elders which are among you I exhort, who am also an elder, and a witness of the sufferings of Christ, and also a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed: Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly: not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; *neither as being lords over God's heritage.*"

Peter was a married man. We read in Matthew 8:14, that his wife's mother was sick of a fever. Of course he had a wife if he had a mother-in-law. He carried his wife on missionary journeys many years after the death of Christ. 1 Cor. 9:5: "Have we not power to lead about a sister, a wife, as well as other apostles, *and as the brethren of the Lord, and Cephas?*"

There is a striking contrast in Acts 3:6 between Peter and the popes. There Peter says, "Silver and gold have I none." That could hardly be said of any pope. For hard, grasping men commend me to the popes.

In the so-called Council of Jerusalem, Acts 15:1-11, Peter appears only as one of the speakers and debaters. James presided. According to the Roman Catholic claim, the whole question of circumcision ought to have been referred to Peter and his decision would be final. The early Christians did not think that way.

5. Peter was openly rebuked by Paul. Paul said of him: "But when Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed."

Vile Popes.

Many of the popes have been among the vilest and most notorious of sinners. If they were ever the successors of Peter, their sins have long since vitiated that claim.

I shall refer, in this connection, to only a few of the revolting crimes which they have committed.

And what is worse, if possible, three bold and energetic women of the highest rank, and lowest character, Theodora, the elder (the wife or widow of a Roman Senator), and her two daughters, Marozia and Theodora, filled the chair of St. Peter with their paramours and bastards. These Roman Amazons combined with the fatal charms of personal beauty and wealth, a rare capacity for intrigue, and a burning lust for power and pleasure. They had the diabolical ambition to surpass their sex as much in boldness and badness as some of the early Christian women did in saintliness and virtue.

They turned the church of St. Peter into a den of robbers, and the residence of his successors into a harem. And they gloried in their shame.

Take, for example, the character of the pope, John XII. He was charged by a Roman Synod, no one contradicting, with almost every crime of which depraved human nature is capable, and deposed as a monster of iniquity. Among the charges of the Synod against him were: that he appeared constantly armed with a sword, lance, helmet and breastplate; that he neglected matins and vespers; that he never signed himself with the sign of the cross; that he was fond of hunting; that he made a boy of ten years a bishop, and ordained a bishop or deacon in a stable; that he had mutilated a priest; that he had set houses on fire, like Nero; that he had committed homicide and adultery; had violated virgins and widows, high and low; lived with his father's mistress; converted the pontifical palace into a brothel; drank to the health of the devil, and invoked at the gaming table the help of Jupiter and Venus and other heathen demons. The emperor Otho would not believe these enormities until they were proved, but the bishops replied that they were matters of public notoriety, requiring no proof. Before the Synod had convened John XII. had made his escape from Rome, carrying with him the portable part of the treasury of St. Peter. But after the departure of the emperor he was readmitted to the city, restored for a short time, and killed in the act of adultery by the enraged husband of his paramour or by the devil." (Migne, vol. 36, pp. 898-910.)

Benedict VIII. secured his election by open bribery. He was succeeded by John XIX., a layman, who passed through all of the clerical degrees in one day. After his death, in 1033, his nephew, Theophylact, a boy of only ten or twelve years of age, ascended the papal throne under the name of Benedict XI. His election was a money bargain. This boy-pope fully equaled and even surpassed John XII. in precocious wickedness. He combined the childishness of Caligula and the viciousness of Heliogabalus. He grew worse as he advanced in years. He ruled like a captain of banditti, committed murders and adulteries in open daylight, robbed pilgrims on the graves of martyrs, and turned Rome into a den of thieves. These crimes went unpunished, for who could judge a pope? And his brother Gregory, was Partrician of the city. At one time, it is reported, he had the crazy notion of marrying his cousin and enthroning a woman in the chair of St. Peter; but the father of the intended bride refused unless he abdicated the papacy. Desiderius, who himself afterwards became pope, shrinks from describing the detestable life of this Benedict, who, he says, followed in the footsteps of Simon Magus rather than of Simon Peter, and proceeded in a career of rapine, murder, and every species of felony until even the people of Rome became weary of his iniquities

and expelled him from the city. Sylvester III. was elected anti-pope, but Benedict soon resumed the papacy with all of his vices, and then sold it for one or two thousand pounds of silver to an archpresbyter, John Gratian, of the same house, after he had emptied the treasury of every article of value, and, ruing the bargain, he claimed the dignity again, till he was finally expelled from Rome.

It is even charged that one of the popes was a woman. I could write a book on such misdeeds of infamy. I do not believe for one moment that my salvation rests on the claim of a succession that must come through such monsters of iniquity.

Rome and Immorality.

Cardinal Bellarmine testifies: "Wicked men, infidels and reprobates remaining in the public profession of the Romish Church, *are true members of the Body of Christ.*" (De Eccl., lib. 3, c. 7.)

You may go where you will and the Roman Church is corrupt. The Rev. W. B. Bagby, after thirteen years of observation, gives his opinion of Romanism in Brazil in these words: "Thirteen years ago I entered Brazil as the first missionary sent by the Board to South America. Romanism should be judged by its fruit. It has held sway in Brazil for 300 years unmolested: yet today there is all the superstition, sensuality and idolatry there that is to be found in the heart of Africa. After 300 years of Romanism, 85 per cent. of the people can not read or write. Held down by a licentious and depraved priesthood, the people are deprived of the gospel, and a miserable form of idolatry is substituted for it. The only difference between Romanism in Brazil and Romanism in the United States is that there they are open and above board with their iniquity, while here they confine it largely to the monasteries and nunneries."

The Rev. H. L. Hastings, of Boston, in one of his leaflets, gives these remarkable figures: "In five counties in the North of Ireland, where the Bible is largely read, it requires only eleven or twelve policemen to keep order among each ten thousand people; while in five other counties in Ireland, where they have more parochial schools and less Bible, it requires from forty-one to forty-six policemen to keep order among each ten thousand people.

"A late chaplain of the State prison at Concord, Mass., stated that of some 560 convicts there, 400 were Catholics, chiefly Irish—more than five times their due proportion according to the population of the State. Of the 230 convicts in the women's prison at Sherbourn, seven-tenths are said to be Roman Catholics. At Deer Island, 75 per cent. of the inmates are Catholics. At Suffolk County jail, of the 2,750 commitments of the year 1886, considerable more than half were Catholics, even after the Romish officials of Boston had

put in what ministers they could catch preaching the gospel outdoors to the poor. At the Cambridge House of Correction 90 per cent. of the inmates are foreigners, and nearly all Roman Catholics. And essentially such is the story in all the penal and pauper institutions of Massachusetts."

The Universe, a Roman Catholic paper, under the heading, "Catholic Morality in Liverpool," says: "The vice and immorality existing among the (Roman) Catholic body in Liverpool are fearful. The sooner we admit that fact the better, and deny it we can not, in the face of statistics compiled by the Rev. Father Nugent. This plain statement of figures, set down in black and white, reveals a horrible, a hideous blot on the (Roman) Catholic character in the great northern seaport. Their substance is this—that in Liverpool, the strongest phalanx in the Devil's Army is recruited from the ranks of (Roman) Catholicism. Of the three great divisions in that gloomy host—thieving, harlotry and intemperance—the majority are members of our community. * * * And, worse still, the heavy proportion of this wickedness is assignable to our own countrymen, the Irish Catholics."

Father M. F. Foley, of DeLand, Fla., recently wrote to the *Catholic Mirror*, as follows: "Go into our prisons, our reformatories, our almshouses; go into our great asylums, where numbers of children are being reared in what must necessarily be hot-house atmosphere, to face the storms of life. Go into the crowded tenements of our cities, into their lowest dens and dives; see the misery, squalor, reigning there; see the men and women, low and besotted; see the little ones dying as flies in the fetid air, or, worse, living to poison the nation's moral atmosphere; in a word, see degradation in its most repulsive form. In these abodes of crime, of poverty, of misery, you will find thousands of Catholics."

The Pastoral Letter of the Council of Baltimore 1860, admitted: "It is a melancholy fact, and a very humiliating avowal for us to make, that a very large proportion of the idle and vicious youths of our principal cities are the children of Catholic parents."

The Immorality of Roman Catholicism, False Swearing, and Perjury.

The Bible says: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." (Ex. 20:17). That is a plain statute against lying.

Rome says that you may bear false witness.

Filiucius says: "There is no mortal sin when one forsweareth himself without perceiving it at all, and by natural inadvertence, though he who doth it hath his will effectually addicted to sin by an evil habit." (Filiucius, Mor. Ques. tom. 2, tract. 25, cap. 10, No. 316). "With what precaution may we equivocate? By intending to use only material words. A person may begin to say, I swear. He can add this mental

restriction—To-day, or in a whisper he may repeat, I say, and then resume his former tone, I did not do it." (Ibid. id., cap. 11, No. 328.)

Layman says: "It is not sufficient for an oath if we use the formal words, if we have not the intention and will to swear, and do not sincerely invoke God as a witness." (Lib. 4, tract. 3, cap. 1, p. 73.)

Bauny says: "He who maintains an heretical proposition without believing it, or who is a communicant among the Protestants without having his heart there, but out of pure derision, or to comply with the times and to accomplish his designs, ought not to be esteemed a Protestant, because his understanding is not infected with error." (Sum., cap. 6, conc. 4, p. 73.)

Taberna says: "Is a witness bound to declare the truth before a legitimate judge? No; if his deposition will injure himself, his family, or property; or if he be a priest, for a priest can not be forced to testify before a secular judge." (Vol. 2, part 2, tract. 2, cap. 31, p. 288).

Escobar says (tract. 1, exam. 3, cap. 7, No. 31, p. 74): "Is it lawful to suborn any person to swear to a false thing?" To which Hurtudo and Sanchez, with himself, answer in the affirmative. Filiucius thus replies (tom. 2, ques. moral. tract. 21, cap. 11, No. 346 and No. 347, p. 206): "Any one, upon a lawful cause, may request a man to swear, though he will be forsworn; and this thing is not evil in itself, to require an oath of a person whom we know will forswear himself."

Charli, in his Propositions No. 6, affirms that: "He who is not bound to state the truth before swearing, is not bound by his oath, provided that he makes the internal restriction that excludes the present case." (See Filicius, previously quoted).

Castro Palao says: "In a question of right and wrong, a judge may pronounce according to a probable opinion, even though it should be contrary to his own judgment."

Molina says: "Judges may receive presents from parties, when they are given them either for friendship's sake or in gratitude for some former act of justice, or to induce them to give justice in the future, or to oblige them to any particular attention to their case, or to engage them to dispatch it promptly."

All of these principles are sanctioned by Suarez (in his "Precepts of Law," book 3, chap. 9, assertion 2, p. 473), where he says: "If any one has promised, or contracted without intention to promise, and is called upon oath to answer, may simply answer, No; and may swear to that denial."

Liguori, in his treatise on oaths, question 4, asks if it is allowable to use ambiguity, or equivocal words, to deceive the judge when under oath, and at No. 151 he answers: "It is certain, and the opinion of all theologians, that for good reasons one may be permitted to use equivocations and to main-

tain them by oath; and by 'good reasons' we mean all that can do any good to the body or the soul."

"Though lying is forbidden, we may be allowed to conceal the truth, or to disguise it under ambiguous or equivocal words or signs, for a just cause, and when there is no necessity to confess the truth. If by that means one can rid himself of dangerous pursuits, he is permitted to use it; for in general it is not true to say that, when interrogated by public authority about his faith, he is obliged to reveal it." (Liguori, L. 2.)

Stealing.

The Bible says: "Thou shalt not steal." (Ex. 20:5).

Rome says that you may steal.

Liguori says: "A servant has a right to rob his master, a child his father, and a poor man the rich! There are many opinions about the amount which may be stolen to constitute a mortal sin. Navar has said, too scrupulously, that to steal a half-piece of gold is a mortal sin; while others, too lax, hold that to steal less than ten pieces of gold can not be a serious sin. But Tol. Mech, Less, etc., have more wisely ruled that to steal two pieces of gold constitutes a mortal sin. * * * If any one steals small sums at different times, either from the same or different persons, not having any intention of stealing large sums, nor of causing a great damage, his sin is not mortal; particularly if the thief is poor, and if he has the intention to give back what he has stolen."

Escobar says: "A child who serves his father, may secretly purloin as much as his father would have given a stranger for his compensation." (Theolog. Moral., Vol. 4, Lib. 34, Sect. 2, Prob. 16, p. 348.)

Cardenas says: "Servants may secretly steal from their masters as much as they judge their labor is worth more than the wages which they received." (Crisis Theolog., Diss. 23, cap. 2, art. 1, p. 474).

Gordonus says: "A woman may take the property of her husband, to supply her spiritual wants, and to act like other women." (Theolog. Moral . Univ., Lib. 5, Quest. 3, Cap. 4, p. 826).

Emmanuel Sa says: "It is not mortal sin to steal that from a man which he would have given if asked for it. It is not theft to take anything from a husband or father, if the value be not considerable." (Aphorism, verbum Furtum, p. 161).

Francis Xavier Fegeli says: "After a son has secretly robbed his father as a compensation, the Confessor need not enforce restitution, if he has taken no more than a just reward for his labor." (Pars 3, cap. 6, Quest. 11, p. 158).

St. Aphoris says: "He who, in taking what is another's, doth him no injury, is not obliged to make restitution." (Furtum, cap. 6, p. 292).

Adultery.

The Bible says: "Thou shalt not commit adultery." (Ex. 20:14).

Rome says that you may commit adultery.

Liguori says: "May a servant bring a ladder and help his master to go up and commit adultery? Buss and others think that he may do it, and I am of the same opinion." (Liguori, Q. 2).

The crime of adultery has the sanction of the Roman Catholic Church, in this wise: "They deny all civil and Christian marriage to be true and lawful marriage when not performed within the Roman Catholic Church, and Pope Pius IX. calls it 'filthy concubinage.' They have divided between a husband and wife in England—I quote from Mr. Gladstone in his preface to 'Vaticanism'—because they were not married by a Romish priest; this man having embraced the Romish faith for the sake of getting rid of a noble and excellent wife. Mr. Gladstone calls attention to the fact, and wonders that the menace to human society contained in the act had not been taken more account of in England." (From "Romanism and the Republic," pp. 274 and 275).

Murder.

The Bible says: "Thou shalt not kill." (Ex. 20:13).

Rome says that you may commit murder.

St. Thomas Aquinas says: "When a man is excommunicated for his apostasy, it follows from that very fact that all those who are his subjects are released from the oath of allegiance by which they were bound to obey him." (St. Thomas, Vol. 4, p. 91).

The Council of Lateran, A. D. 1215, decreed, and that decree is still binding: "We excommunicate and anathematize every heresy that exalts itself against the holy orthodoz and Catholic faith, condemning all heretics, by whatever name they may be known; for, though their faces differ, they are tied together by their tails. Such as are condemned are to be delivered over to the existing secular powers, to receive due punishment. If laymen, their goods must be confiscated. If priests, they shall be first degraded from their respective orders, and their property applied to the use of the church in which they have officiated. Secular powers of all ranks and degrees are to be warned, induced, and, if necessary, compelled by ecclesiastical censure, to swear that they will exert themselves to the utmost in the defense of the faith, *and extirpate all heretics* denounced by the Church who shall be found in their territories. And whenever any person shall assume government, whether it be spiritual or temporal, he shall be bound to abide by this decree.

"Catholics who shall assume the Cross for the extermina-

tion of heretics shall enjoy the same indulgences and be protected by the same privileges as are granted to those who go to the help of the Holy Land.

"*It is of faith that the pope has the right of deposing heretical and rebel kings.* Monarchs so deposed by the pope are converted into notorious tyrants, *and may be killed by the first who can reach them.*

"If the public cause can not meet with its defense in the death of a tyrant, *it is lawful for the first who arrives to assassinate him.*" (Suarez, Defensio Fidei, Book 6, chap. 4, Nos. 13, 14).

Bussambaum says: "A man who has been excommunicated by the pope *may be killed anywhere*, as Escobar and Deaux teach, because the pope has an indirect jurisdiction over the whole world, even in temporal things, as all Catholics maintain, and as Suarez proves against the King of England." (Bussambaum—Lacroi, Theologia Moralis, 1757).

Cratineau Joly, the Roman Catholic historian of the Jesuits, approvingly says: "Father Guivard, writing about Henry IV., King of France, says: '*If he can not be deposed, let us make war; and if we can not make war, let him be killed.*'" (Vol. 2, p. 435.)

La Croix says: "A man condemned by the pope may be killed wherever he is found." (Vol. 1, p. 294).

Henriquez says: "If an adulterous priest, even aware of his danger, having visited an adulteress, is assailed by her husband, and killed the man in his own defense, it is not criminal." (Sum of Moral Theology, vol. 1, book 14, chap. 10, p. 869).

Amicus says: "*It is lawful for a priest or monk to kill a man who threatens to publish some great crimes against him or his order.* A monk who feminam cognovit, quæ honori ducens se prostitutam esse tanto viro, boasts of it, and thereby defames him, *may kill that woman.*" (Tom. 5, de Just. et Jure Disput. 36, sec. 4, No. 218).

Fergundez says: "Papist children may accuse their parents for heresy, although they know their parents will be burned for it; not only may they deny them nourishment, but they may justly kill them, if the parents would turn their children from the Popish faith." "If a priest at the altar is attacked by any one, he may leave the ceremony and defend himself; and, although he may kill the assailant, he may immediately return to the altar and finish the mass." "If a judge decides contrary to the law, the injured person may defend himself by *killing the judge.*" (Precept. Decalog., vol. 1, lib. 4, cap. 2, pp. 501, 655; and vol. 2, lib. 8, cap. 32, p. 390).

Guimenius promulgated his seventh proposition in these words: "You may charge your opponent with false crimes, to destroy his credit; *and you may also kill him.*"

Molina (de Just. et Jure, tom. 4, tract. 3, Disput. 14, p.

1765), says: "An adulterer may lawfully kill the husband of the woman, if her husband, having surprised him with his wife, do assault him." Tamburin is of the same opinion. From which Molina, in his fourth volume, deduces this corollary, p. 1766: "A thief having entered into a house to steal, in conscience may kill him who would punish him for his theft, if he can not otherwise escape." Again (in vol. 3, Disput. 16, p. 1768), he says: "*Priests may kill the laity, to preserve their goods.*"

Francis Xavier Fegeli says: "It is not mortal sin for parents to wish the death of their children, nor to desire the death of any one who troubles the Church, because considerable good is the direct and immediate object." (Quest. Prac., pars 4, cap. 1, quest. 7, num. 8, p. 285).

Dicastillo says: "If a man becomes a nuisance to society, *the son may lawfully kill his father.*" (Lib. 2, tract. 1, Disput. 10, Dub. 1, num. 15, p. 290.)

Escobar says: "Children are obliged to denounce their parents or relations who are guilty of heresy, although they know they will be burned. They may refuse them all nourishment, and permit them to die with hunger, or may kill them as enemies, who violate the rights of humanity." (Theolog. Moral., vol. 4, lib. 31, sec. 2, Precept. 4, Prob. 5, p. 230).

Gobatus published a work which he entitled "Morality," and in vol. 2, part 2, tract. 5, chap. 9, sec. 8, p. 318, is the following edifying specimen of Popish morals: "A son who inherits great wealth by the death of his father, *may rejoice* that when he was intoxicated *he murdered his father.*"

Alagona, in his "Compend of the Sum of Theology," by Thomas Aquinas, quest. 94, p. 230, "Sums" up all the Romish system in this comprehensively blasphemous oracular adage: "By the command of God it is lawful to murder the innocent, to rob, and commit lewdness; and thus to fulfill his mandate is our duty."

Pope Urban II., Decree, 1088, says: "*Those are not to be accounted murderers or homicides who, when burning with love and zeal for their Catholic mother against excommunicated Protestants, shall happen to kill a few of them.*"

The Confessional.

I believe the reason for all of this corruption in the Catholic Church flows from auricular confession. The confession box is a sink of iniquity, and can not be reformed. It is essentially vicious and alike drags down priest and people to infamy. It corrupts the priest and pours the foulest suggestions into the minds of the purest women. I can not degrade these pages by even printing the questions, taken from the pages of Ligouri and Dens, asked of women in the con-

fessional. I will, however, give what Roman Catholic authorities declare is the effect of the confessional.

Alphonsus Mary de Liguori was canonized by the pope in 1839. Before he was made a saint his works were "rigorously examined" by the Sacred Congregation at Rome, which declared "in all his works, whether printed or inedited, there was not a word worthy of censure." Yet these books are too vile to be read by men or devils. In 1871 Pius IX. raised him to the high dignity of a "Doctor of the whole Church."

Of the confessional, Liguori is compelled to admit: "It grieves me much concerning this matter (the confessional), which contains so much filthiness, as by its very name will disturb pure minds, to give a longer dissertation; but oh! that this subject were not so frequent as it is in confessions, that it would not behoove the confessor altogether to be fully, but very briefly instructed." (Liguori, vol. 6, p. 303). * * * "With reluctance we enter upon the consideration of this matter (auricular confession), the very name of which alone pollutes the minds of men." (Vol. 2, p. 206). * * * "And, indeed, oh! how many priests, who before were innocent, and on account of similar attractions (in the confessional) have lost both, God and their soul. Oh! what misery it is to observe so many confessors, who spend a large portion of the day in hearing the confessions of certain religious women, who are commonly called Bizocas. Oh! how many confessors have lost their own souls and those of their penitents." (Vol. 8, p. 77).

Four Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland, Murray, Keating, Doyle and Kinsilla, wrote, in 1831, a book in which they admitted: "It must be considered how great is the burden and danger of those who undertake so formidable an office, since experience proves that this remedy (the confessional box) so salutary to the fallen, is sometimes perverted by the ignorance and negligence of confessors, that this fountain of grace is turned into an occasion of perdition. We fear that there is no time in which the melancholy saying of St. Thomas of Villanova is not fulfilled in some confessors, 'that they send themselves and sinners down careless into hell.'"

Garcia, a Jesuit priest, declared: "A woman of thirty-three years of age came to confess to me and told me that from sixteen years of age until twenty-four she had committed all sorts of lewdness with ecclesiastical persons only, having in every convent a friar, who, under the name of cousin, used to visit her."

But I forbear. These things are so vile that I will not further press this subject. The effect of the confessional is always to lower the moral tone.

I think I have clearly showed, in this chapter, that the tendency of the Catholic Church is toward an overthrow of

morals, and that, therefore, it is dangerous to the well-being of the State.

Gladsone, the grand old man, says: "The pope demands for himself the right to determine the province of his own rights, and has so defined it in formal documents as to warrant any and every invasion of the civil sphere; and that this new version of the principles of the Papal Church inexorably binds its members to the admission of these exorbitant claims, without any refuge or reservation on behalf of their duty to the crown." (Vatican Decrees, p. 31). He adds: "That Rome requires a convert who joins her to forfeit his moral and mental freedom, and to place his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another." (Vatican Decrees, Third Proposition).

John Milton said: "Popery is a double thing to deal with, and claims a two-fold power—ecclesiastical and political; both usurped, and the one supporting the other."

Bismarck says: "This pope, this foreigner, this Italian, is more powerful in this country than any other person, not excepting the king. And now please to consider what this foreigner has announced as the programme by which he rules Prussia and elsewhere. He begins by taking to himself the right to define how far his authority extends; and this pope, who would employ fire and sword against us if he had the power to do so, who would confiscate our property and not spare our lives, expects us to allow him full, uncontrolled sway."

Castelar, the great Spanish statesman, says: "There is not a single progressive principle which has not been cursed by the Catholic Church. This is true of England and Germany, as well as of Catholic countries. The Church cursed the French Revolution, the Belgium Constitution and the Italian independence. Nevertheless, all these principles have unrolled themselves in spite of it. Not a constitution has been born, not a single progress made, not a solitary reform effected, which has not been under the terrible anathemas of the Church."

General Grant, in 1876, speaking before the Army of the Tennessee, said: "If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but it will be between patriotism and intelligence on one side and superstition, ambition and ignorance on the other. Let us all labor for the security of free thought, free speech, free press and pure morals; unfettered religious sentiments and equal rights and privileges for all men, irrespective of nationality, color or religion." (Romanism and the Republic).

Abraham Lincoln said: "As long as God gives me a heart to feel, a brain to think, or a hand to execute my will, I devote it against that power which has attempted to use the machinery of the courts to destroy the rights and character

of an American citizen. But there is a thing which is very certain; it is, that if the American people could learn what I know of the fierce hatred of the generality of the priests of Rome against our institutions, our schools, our most sacred rights, and our so dearly bought liberties, they would drive them away, tomorrow, from among us, or would shoot them as traitors. * * * The history of the last thousand years tells us that wherever the Church of Rome is not a dagger to pierce the bosom of a free nation, she is a stone to her neck, and a ball to her feet, to paralyze her and prevent her advance in the ways of civilization, science, intelligence, happiness and liberty.

The Jesuits.

We have to do, almost entirely, in this country, with the Jesuits, and they have been traitors to every country that they have entered. They have been banished as traitors from almost every civilized land. To show something of their infamous history in this century I quote a paragraph from George E. Steitz. He says: "As a warning they were banished from St. Petersburg and Moscow January 1, 1815. But they heeded not the warning; on the contrary, they tried their proselytizing talent on the Russian army, and March 25, 1820, they were banished from the country 'forever.' Into Spain they were admitted by Ferdinand VII., but when, in the civil war which broke out after his death (1833), they sided with Don Carlos, their college at Madrid was stormed by the people July 17, 1834, and they were expelled by the regent, Queen Christiana, July 4, 1835. In Portugal they sided with Don Miguel, and were expelled (May 24, 1834.) by Dom Pedro. In France they never obtained a legal position; but they were tolerated and even favored by Louis XVIII. and Charles X. At Lyons they founded a very flourishing college. They made their influence strongly felt on the whole middle stage of education—that is, the stage between the elementary and the scientific education; and their number arose to four hundred and thirty-six, when the revolution of 1830 suddenly swept them out of the country." (Schaff-Herzog Ency., vol 2, p. 1169).

Romanism is opposed to the Constitution of the United States. The Constitution of the United States says: "This Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof * * * shall be the supreme law of the land." (Art. VI., sec. 2). The teaching of the pope is contrary to this. Read over the declarations of our Constitution given above and then read the words of Rome below and you will be fully convinced.

Archbishop Manning says: "Moreover, the right of deposing kings is inherent in the Supreme Sovereignty which popes as vicegerents of Christ exercise over all Christian na-

tions." (Essays on Religion and Literature, p. 416, A. D. 1876).

Bishop Gilmour, Cleveland, O., says in his Lenten Letter, March, 1873: "Nationalities must be subordinate to religion. We must learn that we are Catholics first and citizens next."

The Canon Law, the undisputed, fundamental code of Romanism, is utterly incompatible with the Constitution and laws of our republic, as witness the following leading provisions, gleaned therefrom by Dr. G. F. Von Schulte, Professor of Canonical Law at Prague, viz.:

"I. All human power is from evil, and must therefore be standing under the pope.

"II. The temporal powers must act, unconditionally, in accordance with the orders of the spiritual.

"III. The Church is empowered to grant, or to take away, any temporal possession.

"IV. The pope has the right to give countries and nations which are non-Catholic to Catholic regents, who can reduce them to slavery.

"V. The pope can make slaves of those Christian subjects whose prince or ruling power is interdicted by the pope.

"VI. The laws of the Church concerning the liberty of the papal power, are based upon divine inspiration.

"VII. The Church has the right to practice the unconditional censure of books.

"VIII. The pope has the right to annul State laws, treaties, constitutions, etc., to absolve from obedience thereto, as soon as they seem detrimental to the rights of the Church or those of the clergy."

Father Menard, in St. Joachim's Church, in Detroit, Sunday, November 6, 1892, said: "When the Church needed armed men to enlist as Crusaders, the young men of the Church shouldered the musket and saber, and obeyed the orders of the Church. When the Church wanted to get rid of the Saracens, the faithful arose en masse and exterminated them. The Church may have to call on you to defend her rights in this country, and I know our young men will obey the Church again and take up arms to exterminate the enemies of the Church." (*Detroit Journal*, Nov. 7, 1892).

The bull *Unam Sanctam* of Boniface VIII., which is also a part of the Canon Law, and regarded as an "Article of Faith," says: "It is necessary that one sword should be under another, and that the temporal authority should be subject to the spiritual power. And thus the prophecy of Jeremiah is fulfilled in the Church and the ecclesiastical power, 'Behold I have set thee over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build and to plant.' Therefore, if the earth's power go astray, it must be judged by the spiritual power; but if the spiritual power go astray, it must be judged by God alone. Moreover, we declare, say, define and pronounce it to be altogether necessary

to salvation that every human creature should be subject to the Roman Pnotiff." (Corpus Juris Canonica, Leipsic ed., 1839, tom. ii., p. 1159).

December 8, 1864, Pius IX. said: "It is an error to hold that, in the case of conflicting laws between the two powers, the civil law ought to prevail."

Leo XIII., in an encyclical, January 10, 1890, says: "It is wrong to break the law of Jesus Christ (the law of the pope meaning) in order to obey the magistrate, or under pretense of civil rights to transgress the laws of the church." Again he says on page 4 of the same encyclical: "But if the laws of the State are openly at variance with the laws of God, if they inflict injury upon the Church * * * or set at naught the authority of Jesus Christ, which is vested in the Supreme Pontiff, then indeed it becomes a duty to resist them, a sin to render obedience."

That leading Catholics do not regard the Constitution of the United States as supreme, and that the law of the pope is supreme, is clear from the language of Vicar General Preston. He said in a sermon in New York, January 1, 1888: "Every word that Leo speaks from his high chair is the voice of the Holy Ghost and must be obeyed. To every Catholic heart comes no thought but obedience. It is said that politics is not within the province of the Church, and that the Church has jurisdiction only in matters of faith. You say: 'I will receive my faith from the pontiff, but I will not receive my politics from him.' This assertion is unloyal and untruthful. * * * You must not think as you choose; you must think as Catholics. The man who says, 'I will take my faith from Peter, but I will not take my politics from Peter,' is not a true Cathoilc. The Church teaches that the supreme pontiff must be obeyed, because he is the vicar of the Lord. Christ speaks through him."

When Leo XIII. sent Satolli to the United States he issued an encyclical letter, bearing date January 24, 1892. In that letter he says: "We command all whom it concerns to recognize in you (Francisco Satolli), as apostolic delegate, the supreme power of the delegating pontiff; we command that they give you aid, concurrence and obedience in all things; that they receive with reverence your salutary admonitions and orders. Whatever sentence or penalty you shall duly declare or inflict against those who oppose our authority, we will ratify, and with the authority given us by the Lord, will cause to be observed inviolably until condign satisfaction be made, notwithstanding constitutions and apostolic ordinances, or others to the contrary."

One of the latest encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII. bears date January 5, 1895. He complains that the Church and State are divorced. I quote a portion of the encyclical from the *Catholic Times*, of Philadelphia, February 2, 1895, as follows: "The main factor, no doubt, in bringing things into

this unhappy state were the ordinances and decrees of your synods, especially of those which in more recent times were convened and confirmed by the authority of the Apostolic See. But, moreover (a fact which gives pleasure to acknowledge), thanks are due to the equity of the laws which obtain in America and to the customs of the well ordered republic. For the Church among you, unopposed by the Constitution and government of your nation, fettered by no hostile legislation, protected against violence by the common laws of and the impartiality of the tribunals, is free to live and act without hindrance.

"Yet, though all this is true, it would be very erroneous to draw the conclusion that in America is to be sought the best desirable status of the Church, or that it would be universally lawful or expedient for State and Church to be, as in America, dissevered and divorced. The fact that Catholicity with you is in good condition, nay, as even enjoying a prosperous growth, is by all means to be attributed to the fecundity with which God has endowed His Church, in virtue of which, unless men or circumstances interfere, she spontaneously expands and propagates herself, but she would bring forth more abundant fruits if, in addition to liberty, she enjoyed the favor of the laws and the patronage of the public authority."

(Concluded Next Month.)

The Woman of Babylon.

Joseph Hocking.

This Story will be Issued in Book Form. Back numbers of the Magazine cannot be supplied.

CHAPPTER XXI.

THE CONVENT OF OUR MOTHER OF SORROWS.

Joyce Raymond sat in her little cubicle in the Convent of our Mother of Sorrows. She had been in the convent a week, and now she was reviewing the time she had spent there. She was also searching her heart. She had left her home about noon on the day when Harrington had received the telegram from Walter Raymond. She had gone out of the house quietly and unobtrusively. Had anyone seen her, they would probably have thought that she was going for a walk. Her face was stern and set, and her heart was torn with agony; but she felt that she must do as she had been commanded. More and more it had been brought to her that it would be a sin for her to obey her father's will, and go to the Protestant school in Germany; while to regard herself as the *fiancee* of Harrington was a crime. Indeed, this, as she had been made to feel, was the crowning sin of her life, a sin which, if unrepented, would drag her to hell. Her heart had gone out to him with all its fulness, and she had promised to be his wife. But Harrington was a militant Protestant; he was an enemy to the Church into whose communion she had been received, and here lay her shame and her crime. Ritzoom had made her feel this; he had told her that for her, a child of the one true Church, to love a man who was an enemy to that Church, was to crucify Christ afresh, and to condemn her soul to hell. She knew, moreover, that while she remained in the world she would love him. If she went to school she would receive letters from him, she would write to him, she would look forward to meeting him and to being his wife. And this was sin. Her only hope, therefore, was to leave the world, to go away where her thoughts would be constantly directed to holy things, and where she could breathe the atmosphere of faith and piety. Ritzoom had urged this with terrible persistence. He had commanded her, and her mother had emphasised his commands, that she must not imperil her soul by obeying her father's wishes. If Harrington had been at home, all might have been different; but he was away from her, and thus she became the prey of those whose commands seemed to be the commands of God. The struggle against natural affections had been hard; but she had obeyed the dictates of the priest, and had left her home. She had left it without saying good-bye to anyone, for so she had been instructed. She had walked across Chelsea Bridge to Fulham, where she had been met by two

nuns, who accompanied her to a conventual institution. Here she had remained during the afternoon talking with the Mother Superior. This lady was very kind, very gentle, and she described in glowing terms the happiness of those who led the religious life. She told her of the great peace that entered the soul, the quiet joy that pervaded the life, while she grew eloquent concerning the ecstasy of those who became the spouse of Christ. She told her also of the sin and deceit of the world, of the worthlessness of a worldly man's love, and of the sin of loving one who was an enemy to the true faith.

Under her influence, Joyce became quiet and subdued. Nay, more, she looked forward with a certain pleasure to the thought of living a life of sinlessness and prayer. There are times in the life of everyone when we do not feel capable of being our own guides, and when we long for the voice of authority. Moreover, Joyce had been led to regard this Mother Superior as a holy woman, and the nuns had told her that when she commanded, it was as though God Himself commanded.

Little by little, therefore, this woman calmed her fears, and gave her a certain kind of hope. She made her feel more than ever the sin of loving an enemy to the faith, and caused her to realise that only by leaving the world altogether could she have salvation. She spoke to her, moreover, as a woman; as a woman who had tasted of the joys of the world, and found them like Dead Sea fruit, but who, on entering the religious life, had realised the joy of God. And Joyce, her mind bewildered, her heart torn with pain, had listened eagerly, and had accepted the Mother Superior's words as the words of God, even as she had been told she should.

When night came on she was attired in the dress of a sister of mercy, her face being completely hidden, and, in the company of others, left Fulham. They entered a carraige, but whither she went she did not know. She had a vague remembrance of going to a great station, but she took no heed; she also remembered that after travelling some time she changed trains, and towards morning she alighted from the train at a small station. Here she was taken to a carriage, and was driven away into the country.

She had no idea where she was—indeed, she had not cared to ask. She had been made to feel that in going from home and love she was going into rest, and peace, and safety. She would be no longer guilty of loving the man whom to think of was sin; and while her heart seemed numbed by a great sorrow, she believed that she was doing the will of God.

Presently, however, as she looked out of the carriage window she saw that she was away in the heart of the country. Scarcely a house was visible, the lane along which they drove was silent and forsaken.

"Where are we?" she asked the nun who sat by her side, like one who had just awakened out of sleep.

"I do not think it is best for you to know," said the sister.

"Where are we going?"

"We are going to a place where you can rest, my dear."

"But I should like to know where."

"It is not best you should."

"But"—and a fear came into the girl's heart—"surely I may know where I am going?"

"No, you may not—at least, not at present. There, now; you must not ask any more questions."

The woman spoke kindly, but Joyce detected a change in her tone. She spoke like one who expected to be obeyed.

For the first time Joyce realised what she had done, and, girl-like, she began to cry.

"There now—there now," said the nun, "this will never do. It is well that you should learn, little one, that the very greatest duty of a child of the Church is obedience—obedience without question. You have come to us for help and succor; this we are giving you, but we can only give it on the condition that you obey implicitly. At present it is best that you know nothing, and that you should seek to know nothing. Rest, my child, rest, and do not trouble about anything, save how you can please the Holy Virgin."

After driving some time, they came to the gates of a large house. Here they entered, and Joyce noticed that they drove through some park lands, and presently drew up before what appeared to her an old family mansion. Without a word they entered, and Joyce was taken into the presence of a tall, stately-looking woman, who came to her and kissed her.

"Welcome, my child," she said affectionately. "I am sure you must be very weary."

Then, turning to the sisters, she said:

"See that some breakfast is sent in at once."

Joyce was divested of her sombre garments, and thus stood before the lady, in the clothes which she had worn when she left her home the previous morning.

"Draw a chair to the fire, my child," said the lady. "Your hands are cold, and your face is very pale. I am sure you must be hungry and faint."

The kindly words and affectionate attention comforted the girl immediately, and trust took the place of fear. She looked towards the lady, and it seemed to her that this woman must have passed through gerat sorrow. She looked about forty years of age; she might be more—or less. Her face was deathly pale, and her eyes were rather the eyes of a woman who had lived, than one who was living now. And yet at times it seemed to Joyce as though memories stirred within her—memories of a time when she, too, lived in the busy world, and felt the throbbings of love.

During breakfast she talked about various matters—matters of no moment; but presently, when they had finished and they had both turned to the fire, the Mother Superior of the convent—for so she was—took Joyces hand in hers, and said tenderly:

"Tell me all about it, my child."

For a moment Joyce could not speak. The kind, womanly tones caused her tears to flow, and her voice to be choked with sobs.

"That is well, my child," said the Mother Superior. "Cry all you can; it will do you good. There—sit back in the chair. I will be back again in a few seconds."

When she had gone Joyce became more cool and collected again. There was something very soothing in the quietness of the place; the very atmosphere seemed full of peace. She looked around the room and noted the *prie-dieu* that stood in the corner, and the religious pictures that hung upon the walls. The room was comfortably but not luxuriously furnished, and a woman's good taste was manifested everywhere.

"I never thought a convent would be like this," she thought. "I thought there were bare boards and poverty; but it *is* quiet and peaceful."

The Mother Superior again returned, and sat down by her side.

"Tell me all about it, my child," she said. "Tell me everything."

And Joyce, nothing loth, told her. She described the happy days she had passed at home before she went to Bruges; told how her father had been for years a struggling lawyer, and how at length, when a little success came to him, he sent her to Belgium. Told of her mother's conversion to the Roman faith, and of the baptism of her sisters and brother into the Church. Then she told her of her own conversion, and finally of her home-coming. Then came the story of the alienation of her mother from her father, and of the latter's unvarying goodness and kindness. This led up to the coming of Harrington, and of how she had learnt to love him. She spoke of the happy weeks they spent together, of her father's determination to send her to Germany, of her engagement to Harrington, and then of what Ritzoom had said to her.

"And so, to save your soul, you came hither, my child?"

"I knew I should never cease—to—to love him unless—unless—" she stammered.

"Yes—yes; I understand," interrupted the Mother Superior. "I understand. Yes, it was a sin, it is a sin—a terrible sin—to love such a man, my child. You have done right to leave the world. This life is nothing; the eternal life is everything—everything."

But Joyce did not believe this even then. This life was something; Harrington's love was something; nay, her heart was bruised and bleeding now, because she had renounced him.

"Here you will forget him, my child; here you will be safe from the temptations which your father would put in your way. Oh, yes; you will forget him, and in days to come—oh, you will be thankful for the step you have taken."

The words struck a chill into the young girl's heart. It seemed to her at that moment that it could not be right to forget him. She pictured him at that moment. By this time he would probably have read her letter, and would be seeking her.

"Oh, I never can forget him—never, never!" she sobbed.

"Oh, yes, you will. That is, you will cease to think of him save as one who was an enemy to your soul."

The words, kindly as they were spoken, seemed harsh and cruel. She could not help thinking of the words he had spoken to her—words full of tenderness and loyalty and devotion; she remembered how her father had spoken of him, as one of the finest fellows he knew and the best friend on earth.

"No, no! I never can," she cried. "Oh, God help me!"

"Oh, yes, God will help you. The saints will intercede for you; many prayers will be offered for you."

"But you do not know—you do not know!"

"Yes, I know, my child—I know."

Joyce looked into her face, and noticed that her eyes had somehow changed. There was a look of tenderness, a sympathy, which had not struck her at first.

"How can you know?" said the girl. "You cannot."

"Yes, I can; I do."

"You know what it is to love?"

"Yes, I know."

The woman seemed to forget their relative positions, seemed to forget that she was Mother Superior of a convent, and that the girl before her was only just come as a postulant. Perhaps the girl's story had made her remember that she too was a woman, and that she had loved as every woman should. Then Joyce's heart went out to her, for she saw tears well up in her eyes and trickle down her pale cheeks. Forgetting her own trouble for a moment, she put her arms around the other's neck and kissed her.

"You have loved too, and have you forgotten him?"

"Yes."

"What! You never think of him?"

"Hush! He is a priest."

"And do you ever see him?"

A knock came to the door, and in a moment the woman had changed. The tender, womanly look had gone; she arose to her feet, erect and stern.

"Yes? What do you want?"

A nun entered and made her obeisance. She made some simple request, and when it was granted she bowed humbly, and said, "Thank you, Reverend Mother."

"'Reverend Mother.'" Joyce repeated the words. "Are you the Reverend Mother Superior?"

"Yes."

"Forgive me," said the girl; "I did not know. I was bewildered —almost beside myself."

"It does not matter. Today you shall be as a guest; tomorrow—then you must settle down to the ordinary life of the convent."

"Thank you, thank you," said the girl; "I did not expect so much kindness, such consideration."

"You would like to go to bed and rest?"

"No, no," said Joyce; "I don't feel so tired now, and it does me good to talk with you. You will forgive me for kissing you, won't you?"

Again the Mother Superior turned and looked at the beautiful girl's wistful face. After all, she was but little more than a child, and her presence brought back a host of memories. For a moment she longed to be a woman again—a woman such as she was before she left the world. If she had married at the time she had hoped, she might have had a daughter of Joyce's age. For years she had been Mother Superior, first in Ireland, and now in England, and during that time she had attended faithfully to her duties. For years she had starved all thoughts of human affection, and had lived the life prescribed by her Order. Thus she had become more and more the creature of rules and formulas. She had received many postulates since she had been Mother Superior, but none had had the same effect upon her as this young girl. She had heard something of Joyce's story, and it had interested her; perhaps that was why she had asked Joyce to tell her in detail what had been briefly related to her in the letter she had received. Anyhow, the girl's presence and her story had affected her as she had not been affected for years. For the moment she did not feel like the Mother Superior of a large institution, but rather as a woman to whom a young girl had come for rest and peace.

"And now you must rest," said the Mother Superior; "and remember you are here to find rest unto your soul. Drive all sinful thoughts from your mind, my child; if the vision of the man you loved comes to you, drive it from you; if an affectionate feeling comes into your heart, crush it. Do not think of home or parents, especially do not think of your father. Remember the words of St. Jerome, 'The more tender the affection of a religious for her kindred, the greater her impiety towards God."

And so Joyce went away into quietness. At first everything seemed strange and unreal to her; but little by little she became accustomed to her surroundings. She was treated kindly—far more kindly than some others in the same institution. Practically no duties were laid upon her. She seemed to be looked upon rather as a guest than as an inmate. On two occasions she had asked questions of one of the inmates; but on each occasion an answer was refused. The woman had looked around, as if afraid someone was listening, and then said in a whisper:

"Hush! You must not ask, and I must not tell."

"But why?"

"Against the rules."

This had somewhat disturbed her; but still she had no great fears. The silence of the building, the quiet hours of prayer, the services in the church, had all tended to soothe her, and, in a sense, a kind of negative peace had come into her life.

At the end of a week, however, when she had become accustomed to her surroundings, she began to think more calmly and collectedly. She realised that her heart ached more than ever for the man to whom she had plighted her troth. Perhaps there was sufficient reason for this. When she left home she had taken off the ring Harrington had given her. She had meant to send it back with the letter she had left for him; but this she had not done. She had taken this ring with her, and owing to the fact that for the first few days she had been treated with so little strictness, she had retained possession of it. Now, as she sat alone in her little cubicle, she looked at it. This was the ring which Harrington had given her only a short time before, and the sight of it had aroused all the sweet memories of the past.

"God forgive me," she said to herself, "but I love him more than ever. I wonder where he is now?"

For a long time she sat thinking of him, thinking also of her father who loved her so dearly. She tried to drive both of them from her mind, but in vain. There in the quietness, the memories of both of them forced themselves upon her.

Then she thought of the future. Ritzoom had advised her, and his advice had amounted to a command, that she should go into a religious institution in order to forget those who would destroy her soul, and to enter into the peace of God. Since she had come her penances had not been severe, and the Mother Superior had been kind to her; nevertheless, she began to think of the future. Could she give up the world entirely and become a nun? She knew that such was Ritzoom's advice; and while she was with him she felt it to be her duty to obey him.

"No, I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it," cried the poor girl. "I will tell the Reverend Mother that I must leave, and that I want to return home."

With this thought she lay down to rest, and although vague fears still haunted her, the thought of again going out into the world chased the sadness from her heart and brought a smile to her lips.

The next day, however, when she tried to get courage to tell her desires to the Reverend Mother, she failed. The whole atmosphere of the place seemed to make it impossible. On every hand she was made to feel that to go out into the world again would be to go into sin, that for her to return to her father and her promised husband would be treason to the Lord. She knew not how, but she felt as though an invisible chain was being fastened around her. On the day following, an unaccountable dread came into her heart, and when she was told that Father Jetsam wished to speak to her it seemed as though a great blackness enveloped her. Nevertheless, she made her way to the Mother Superior's room, where the interview was to take place, with a fast-beating heart.

CHAPTER XXII.

FATHER JETSAM'S OPINIONS.

Father Jetsam was a little man, about fifty years of age. He was fat, and sleek, and suave. A continual smile rested on his smooth, clean-shaven face. He was wonderfully well preserved. Although past his prime, there was scarcely a grey hair on his head, nor a line on his cheeks. His voice, too, was soft and insinuating; he seemed to be constantly endeavoring to make those with whom he came into contact believe that he was as simple-minded as a child. Sometimes, indeed, he adopted a sort of kittenish demeanor. He pretended to be playful and fond of mischief. Father Jetsam, however, had the reputation of being a very holy man. Although his presence gave no suggestion of it, he was supposed to be quite an ascetic, spending much time in prayer and fasting.

He was sitting with the Mother Superior when Joyce entered the room, and seemed to be discussing some matter of serious import. His mild and somewhat protruding eyes wore a very earnest look, and sometimes he rubbed his fat, smooth hands together as though, like Lady Macbeth, he was not quite satisfied as to their being stained.

"Yes," he had been saying to her, "our orders have been very strict. The child must be kept here, and no knowledge of her whereabouts must be guessed."

"Is there some particular reason for this?"

"There is always a particular reason when Father Ritzoom shows so much interest as he has shown in this case."

"He has shown special interest, has he?"

"Very special interest. Does she know in what part of the country she is?"

"No; she has not the slightest idea."

"That is well. Moreover, the sisters who brought her from London returned immediately, did they not?"

"Yes; they went back to the station in the carriage which brought them here."

"That is well. Of course, you gave her particular orders not to tell her name to anyone here?"

"Yes; I was very particular about that. She is to be called Ursula here. Not that it matters much; as, you know, none of the sisters ever go into the world."

"Exactly—exactly, Reverend Mother, and yet one can never be too careful. You see, it might leak out, and—well, you must remember that her father has become very much embittered towards us, and the man to whom she had promised herself in marriage is not only a hardened Protestant, but he is said to be one of the cleverest men at the English bar. I tell you, no stone will be left unturned; it is well, therefore that we should allow no possibility of discovery."

"Well, you need not fear. Not only have I given her implicit commands to tell no one anything of her name or history, but I have also given orders that no one is to receive any confidences which she may be disposed to offer. In fact, no one is allowed either to ask or answer any questions, nor to converse with her on any save strictly religious matters."

"That is well—that is well. Nevertheless, I must make sure at her next confession, and if she has inadvertently told anyone anything concerning her name or history—well, steps must, I am afraid, be taken accordingly."

"What steps?"

"She will have to be removed to another convent."

"Her case is very important, then?"

"Very important. As I told you, and as you very well know, Father Ritzoom, especially during the last few years, never interests himself unless there are very vital issues. We must remember that England is not yet under the rule of our Church, and we must take care to do nothing to prejudice ourselves in the eyes of these heretics. At present our position is very favorable, and is becoming more and more favorable. In fact, Protestant as England is, it is our great harbor of refuge. We are allowed to do pretty much as we like; we have no official inspections, and while we are wise, we can do our work in such a way that no one will suspect our motives. If we take any rash steps, these English Radicals will demand a right of free entrance into our convents and monasteries; they will claim the right to examine the inmates of our institutions; they will take strict notice of all deaths which occur—aye, and they will insist that even those who have taken solemn vows shall have the right to walk out into the streets unfettered. The English are a very pig-headed race, Reverend Mother, and if these Protestant Churchmen and the Nonconformists are once aroused, we shall be better off even in France than here."

"Yes: at present we are free from interference."

"At present we are favorably situated. They give us every opportunity to do our work—in our own way. You see, we appeal to their sense of religious liberty. But we must be very careful—very careful. Our present danger is the Irish."

"The Irish?"

"Yes; we must see to it that they retain their places in the

British Parliament. You see, they practically hold the balance of power. Let the Irish and the English Catholics determine on anything, and they can upset any government. But for that, the convent laws of England would have been terrible long before now—terrible. Why, the usefulness of conventual institutions would be nearly destroyed if the right of free investigation were given, and especially would this be true if scandals got afloat."

"What is it that makes this case so important?"

"That, Reverend Mother, must be kept a secret for the present, even from you. Even I am somewhat in the dark; still, we can wait. In a year or two everything will doubtless be made plain."

"Do you know, I doubt if the child has a vocation!"

"Ah, then we must see that whatever stands in the way be removed."

The man and the woman looked at each other: the woman's face was set and stern, but the man retained his mild, placid look. The smile did not leave his lips; not a muscle of his fleshy, clean-shaven face moved. But the woman understood.

"I hope severe measures will not be needed," she said, after a second's hesitation.

"Let us hope not," said Father Jetsam, his smile broadening somewhat. "Let us hope not. But we must remember that she has been brought up a Protestant, that she has only been under our influence for one short year, and that she loves her father very much, to say nothing of the other man. The natural affections must be crucified, Reverend Mother."

It was at this time that Joyce came to the room. Of course, she heard nothing of what had been said; she had no idea of the thoughts which were passing through the priest's mind.

"Ah, my child," said Father Jetsam, as she entered. "I am glad to see you. Yes, you look better already; there is a look of peace in your eyes, and I am sure that grace is more and more coming into your heart."

Joyce did not speak, but stood before them silent. She knew not why, but a great fear was in her heart.

"The Reverend Mother and myself have been talking about your future, my child," went on Father Jetsam. "Yes, we have been talking about your future. Ah, it is very beautiful—very beautiful to see such as you deciding to take the veil of purity; for that is your evident vocation—the Holy Virgin loves to see such as you leave the world and take her Blessed Son as your spouse."

"Father," said Joyce stammeringly, "I am afraid it is not my vocation. I—I have rebellious thoughts, and I have many doubts. I—I should like to go home again."

"Then these rebellious thoughts must be destroyed, my child; these doubts must be chased away."

"It is not that I doubt the Catholic faith, Father, but I do doubt whether it is my vocation to take the veil."

"When you doubt the latter you doubt the former also," said the priest. "What would happen if you went home? Would not your father send you to a heretic school? Would not your lover poison your mind against the one true faith? To go out into the world would be to go into temptation. Here you are safe; there you would be in danger. No, my child; the thoughts in your mind are

sinful, and must be chased away. To leave here would be to go back to the world, and to go back to the world would be to ruin your soul. We cannot allow that, my child. We have sheltered the lamb from the wolves, we have taken her to the fold, and we must not let her go back among the wolves again."

"But my father is not a wolf," said Joyce, a feeling of anger coming into her heart.

"I am thinking of your soul, my child. As a natural man, your father may be a kind man, although from what I have been told concerning his behaviour to your mother, I doubt it. But even if he were, you must be shielded from him. You are a child of the Church; you have rested your little head on her great, broad bosom; you have chosen Christ as your spouse ,and I am convinced that it is not only your vocation but your duty to enter religion. The Church needs you, my child; and it is a terrible, terrible thing to disobey the Church."

"How does the Church need me?" asked Joyce almost sullenly. "I can do nothing for her in the convent: I could do more for her out in the world."

"Ah, my child, you need instruction—you need it sadly. Think of the influence of the prayers of one who enters the holy life! Who knows but that the Holy Virgin will be so much moved by your prayers that, impossibe as it may seem, she will lead not only your father into the light, but also the man who is the chief enemy of your soul? Think of it, my child. A nun's prayers have a thousand times more influence in heaven than the prayers of a worldling, and so you may have the joy of converting those who are now enemies to your soul. Oh, the joy of such a thought—the joy of it!"

Father Jetsam saw that this thought influenced the mind of the impressionable girl, and he continued talking in this way for some time. He spoke of the joys of the religious, and of the wounds caused in the heart of the Sorrowing Mother by those who sought to leave her. He told stories of nuns who by continuous fast and vigil, penance and prayers, prevailed on heaven to soften the hearts of hardened heretics; and as he continued speaking in the same soft, persuasive voice, it seemed to be that she became powerless. She felt, also, that behind the honeyed words were veiled threats, until it seemed to her that while the smile of the Church was joy beyond all her words, yet her anger was terrible.

And yet he did not speak to her as though she came to him for confession. She was there in the Mother Superior's room, and that lady sat listening to all that was said; nevertheless, it seemed to her just then as though he spoke with divine authority—an authority which she could only resist at her peril.

"The truth is, my child," went on Father Jetsam presently, "so fully convinced am I, in fact, so convinced are all who know you, that you should enter the religious life, that we feel that we should be traitors to Christ if we allowed you to go back into the world. Therefore, my child, think of the privilege, the blessed privilege of safety—safety from the temptation of this life, safety against the loss of your soul. Oh, do not think that we would admit you if we were not *fully* assured that it is your vocation. Indeed, we have to refuse many because they cannot persuade us that it is their voca-

tion. Many a lady has offered us a large dowry to be allowed to enter our fold, but we have had to refuse. They were not called to such happiness, to such privileges, and to such a high estate; and so, although the Church sadly needs money, we had to refuse their gold, and send them back sorrowing to the world. Oh, it grieved us to do so, but we could do no other; the Church can only receive such as we are convinced ought to enter religion."

"But I have no money—I can bring no dowry," said Joyce eagerly.

"Is that true?" asked the priest.

"Yes, my father is a poor man," said Joyce.

"But your mother has property, perhaps ,and she has become a very devout child of the Church."

"No; my mother has nothing except what father gives her."

"Ah, that is serious," said the priest; "that is very serious. Everyone who enters the religious life is supposed to give a dowry for all the advantages she receives. Else how could we exist?"

"But I have nothing," said Joyce.

The priest hesitated a second; then, like one who makes up his mind to take a bold step, he said:

"Never mind. The sacrifice must be made. Even although you are penniless, I will see if an exception cannot be made in your case --nay, an exception shall be made. I will plead with the authorities. I will tell them of the awful peril you are in—of the danger you have escaped, and of your evident vocation for the religious life. It may be that I shall have difficulty, but I will overcome them—yes, I will overcome them. I will not allow you to be exposed to the danger of losing your soul, even although you have no dowry. Oh, my child, think of the love of the Church—think of her infinite compassion."

When Joyce left the presence of the priest, she felt resigned to her fate. Father Jetsam had made her feel that her sole hope, her sole chance of salvation, lay in obeying him, and so she promised to obey his behests. During the next few days her life became much more severe, but she did not complain. When she went to Father Jetsam for confession he gave her such instructions and imposed such penances upon her that, by-and-by, she was led to look with a kind of horror upon the fate she had escaped. Certain books were given her to read, books which glorified the life of those who entered religion, and made the world look hideous. Thus, when a thought of Harrington came to her mind she prayed with great fervour that she might be enabled to destroy all affection for him. In her desire to do this, moreover, she performed the penances which the priest prescribed with eagerness, and as when she went to confession she told of the effect these penances had upon her, the priest smiled.

"We shall have no difficulty now," he said to the Mother Superior. "The fear of the Church has got hold of her. I am inclined to think that her time as a postulant will be short. At the end of a few months she will have to enter upon her novitiate."

"Have you any idea as to what her father is doing?" asked the Mother Superior.

"Yes; both he and the man Harrington are moving heaven and earth to find her; but they have not the slightest idea where she is—

no, nor will they ever. She could not have been brought to a better place than this."

"But supposing they had some suspicion that she was here, and came to seek her—should I admit them?"

"Admit them? Certainly. Take them over the institution, and talk to them as we always talk to Protestants. Be quite frank and free with them, and make them believe that we have no secrets—that we act entirely openly and frankly. Of course, they could not go into the bedrooms; naturally you could not allow that—how could you?"

"But she might hear their voices."

"My dear sister, you would know who they were before you admitted them, and there are many silent places in this building."

"Have you any idea what they are like, Father Jetsam—this man Raymond and the other man Harrington?"

"Yes; I went to London for that purpose. I made inquiries, and found that a case in which they were both interested was being tried at the law courts."

"What are they like? Tell me—describe them to me."

"I do not think they will come here," said Father Jetsam, after complying with her request. "I expect they will desire to remain in the background. They will have emissaries. But it does not matter; you know how to deal with whoever may come. As a Jesuit, I always advocate frankness. Some Mother Superiors refuse to see visitors, refuse to open their doors, even when the rules of their Orders do not demand that they should; but you know what my views are. You know what to show them and what to tell them."

"And what are the orders concerning Sister Ursula?"

"Her mind must be prepared to take the white veil. She is now in a receptive mood. Treat her with all the kindness possible; nevertheless, nothing must be left undone if she shows any desire to go back to the world."

"You still believe that there are great issues at stake?"

"I am sure."

"And you still feel that you cannot tell what they are?"

"Beyond the salvation of the soul, we mainly consider three things," said the priest: "political influence, social influence, and money. You can make up your mind which of the three is in question now."

"It is one of the three?"

"It is always one of those three."

"I cannot make up my mind," said the Mother Superior presently. "I cannot see how there can be either."

"Ah!" said Father Jetsam, with a more pronounced smile.

"Can you?"

"Yes; I can see how there can be all three."

"Of course, you shall be obeyed," said the Mother Superior.

"That is well," said Father Jetsam. "The truth is, the case is so important that I feel quite nervous. Ritzoom has paid me a special visit, and has urged every caution. Indeed, if we were to fail I should not like to meet him. You know what he is like."

"Yes, I know," said the Mother Superior with a sigh.

And so the months passed away, and Joyce never heard a word from the outside world. Her duty, moreover, was to drive all thoughts of home and loved ones from her mind. Whenever

thoughts of Harrington or her father came into her mind, she eagerly performed the offices that Father Jetsam prescribed. Indeed, most of her life was spent in what the sisters called religious exercises. No one in the convent, save the Mother Superior, knew either her name or her story. She was simply a postulant whose duty it was to destroy all natural affections, so that she might be fitted to enter what they called the "religious life."

In spite of everything, however, her heart often yearned for the sight of home. Sometimes she woke up in the middle of the night to find herself sobbing. It was then that existence became agony. She could not help picturing the little house near Battersea Park, and calling to mind the rooms she had known for years. Unwittingly, too, the kind, loving deeds and words of her father came back to her. She remembered the happy hours they had spent together, and never once could she think of a harsh deed, or an unworthy act, in her father's life. When her mother had been irritable and nerve-trying, her father had found excuses for her; when poverty faced them, he was still brave and cheerful; and, do what she might, she could not help during the first few weeks longing for a sight of him.

"If only he knew where I was," she said again and again. "If only I could just speak with him for a few minutes, and explain everything!"

As for Harrington, she could not help feeling that she had been a traitor to him. She fully believed in his love, in spite of the poison her mother had tried to instil into her mind. And so, when she thought of him, a feeling of shame came into her heart. She felt sure that he must regard her as one who had broken her word, and was, therefore, unworthy of an honest man's love. And yet, try as she might, she could not confess to her priest that she still retained the ring he had given her. More than once, moreover, she had taken it from its hiding-place, and had looked upon it with fast-beating heart.

"He is a sinner; he is an enemy to Christ and to my faith," her lips had said again and again; but as often as she said it her heart cried out for him.

After a month or two, however, the influence of the convent grew stronger. She thought less and less, not only of her father, but of Harrington. She was able to let the ring lie in its hiding-place; and while the thought of entering the religious life brought her no joy, it did bring her peace. She had been led to believe that the world was entirely evil, and that her only safety lay in the cloister. Months of fasting and vigil and the atmosphere of convent life were doing their work; and thus, when she received a summons from the Mother Superior to come and see her, as she wished to speak to her about becoming a novice, she made no demur, as she hoped that by so doing the last tie which bound her to the world would be broken.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PREPARATION.

"Well, my child, I have good news for you."

Joyce looked at the Mother Superior eagerly. In spite of everything, she could not help hoping that she was to hear of home and loved ones there.

"Yes, I have good news for you. I have spoken with the Bishop, and now there is nothing which stands in the way of your 'clothing.'"

Joyce knew what the word "clothing" meant. More than once it had been mentioned among the postulants as an occasion of rejoicing. It meant that the period of their postulancy was over, and that they had passed successfully the first probation, and were to be clothed with the white veil of the novice.

A feeling of awe came into her heart, for the thought of taking the white veil had been so presented to her that she was led to look upon it very much as one is led to look on death. Of course, by taking the white veil she only entered upon another course of probation; nevertheless, she knew that this same white veil would bind her more firmly to the convent, and would also strengthen the barrier between her and the old life. Up to now, hopes had come into her heart, in spite of the supposed joys of the nuns which she had been made to believe in, that she would be regarded as one who had no vocation. But the Mother Superior's words now drove away such hopes for ever.

"You are mighty favoured, my child—highly favoured. Think of it! Although you can bring no dowry, and although up to about a year ago you were a Protestant, you are now to be clothed with the white robes of purity, symbolical of the holy life you are to lead."

Joyce fell on her knees before the Mother Superior.

"Thank you, Reverend Mother," she said.

The older woman looked at her almost affectionately. Perhaps she was thinking of the time when she, her heart still sore because of the love she had borne for a man, had been clothed with the white veil. Perhaps, too, she called to mind the period of her postulancy, during which she had learnt the one great duty of a nun's life—obedience to her superiors. It had been a hard lesson, for the most degrading of tasks had been allotted to her—tasks which made her sick both in heart and body, but which she had performed because she believed they were pleasing to God. Since she had become a Mother Superior, had been regarded as a very strict disciplinarian; nevertheless, she had been less severe with Joyce than she had been with most postulants. Indeed, Joyce had noticed that she had been saved from the degrading occupations and the sometimes cruel treatment which had fallen to other postulants.

"You long to obey our Holy Mother, don't you, my child? You love to obey?"

"I pray that I shall," said Joyce.

"Perhaps," went on the Reverend Mother, "you have thought the life here has been hard and cruel."

"It has been less hard for me than for some," said the girl.

"Has it?" said the Mother Superior, with a smile. "Ah, well, I must inquire into that. But the Church is not cruel because she loves to be cruel, my child: she is only cruel because she loves. We have to remember that we can never please God except by absolute obedience. The most dire sin of the religious is disobedience to the Superior; nothing so grieves the Holy Mother so much—nothing. Thus, your months of discipline may have seemed hard. When those hard tasks have been allotted to you, when you have been made to crucify the flesh, it is only because we have loved you. Besides, we have tried to temper the wind to the shorn lamb."

Joyce was silent for a moment. She thought of a girl who had been rebellious, and who had been cruelly treated. This girl had been made to scourge her body with a whip of cords until the blood came; she had also knelt on cold, hard stones until her knees were bruised, and for several days only bread and water had passed her lips. Joyce had heard the poor girl's moans, and had wondered why she herself had been so kindly treated, for although she knew she had been quite as rebelious as the other, her penances had been far less severe. This poor girl, moreover, had become very ill, and although she needed a doctor sorely, none had been allowed to come. And all this had been done for the girl's soul, and because she had been slow in manifesting the true Christian spirit!

"And now, my child," said the Mother Superior, "I want to know whether grace has done its work in your heart."

"I do not know," replied Joyce.

"Why? Do you long for the sinful life of the world?"

"Not nearly so much as I did," replied the girl. "Sometimes for days together I never wish for it, and then again I long to see——"

"Yes, yes," said the Mother Superior, as she saw her hesitate; "but you have fought against that?"

"Yes, Reverend Mother; and during this last month I have not thought nearly so much about it."

"That is well. And yet you think of that man sometimes?"

"Yes, yes, Reverend Mother. I know it is a sin, but I have fought very hard, and yet I have not altogether succeeded. Oh, Holy Mother, forgive me, but I cannot bear to think of him sorrowing for me! And then, try as I may, I cannot help thinking of my father. You see, we did love each other so much. Sometimes I picture him seeking me, and—and——"

Here the poor girl started crying, while the Mother Superior smoothed the glossy hair. For a moment a far-away look came into the older woman's eyes, and she seemed to hesitate as to whether she should tell her something.

"If I could only think they did not sorrow, I think I should rejoice to take the veil," sobbed the poor girl.

"My dear child," said the Mother Superior, "I had hoped that there would be no need to tell you what I find it necessary to tell. I had hoped that fasting, and prayer, and penance, and vigil, together with the prayers of the sisters, would have been sufficient; but it appears they are not. Know, then my child, although no one knows where you are, steps have been taken to ascertain what those you left behind are thinking about you."

"Yes," said Joyce eagerly; "tell me, Reverend Mother."

A rebuke, because of her eagerness, rose to the Reverend Mother's lips, but she checked it, and answered:

"Your brother and sisters believe you went to the school in Germany, and that you so hated the Protestant heresies there that you ran away. They believe, also, that you are afraid to write home because you fear your father's anger."

"And they are allowed to believe this?" asked Joyce.

"Yes, they are allowed to believe it, but they are not allowed to mention your name to anyone."

Joyce looked up at the Mother Superior's face with mute agony: wondered what she would say next.

"Your mother is perfectly happy about you. She is hoping that your two sisters will also go into religion, while she is doing her best to arrange that your brother Walter shall become a priest. She has sent a message to you."

"Yes?" said Joyce. "Yes?"

The Mother Superior took a letter from the table, from which she read parts.

"It is written to me," she said. "She does not know where you are; it is simply addressed to the Reverend Mother Superior. Father Brandon has sent it to me."

The girl waited in silence. It is true she loved her mother, but she felt that she knew what she would say.

"'Tell Joyce,'" read the Mother Superior, "'that although I do not know where she is, I am perfectly happy about her, because I know she is safe, and that she is preparing for the life which she could not live if she remained in the world. . . . Tell her it is my wish that she becomes a nun, and that it will be the gladdest day of my life when I know she is dead to the world.'"

"Does she say anything about father?" asked Joyce.

"No," replied the Mother Superior, after a moment's hesitation, whereupon she placed the letter in the envelope.

"Not a word?" pleaded Joyce.

"I have answered you," replied the other in a tone of rebuke.

Joyce sighed, while the tears welled up into her eyes.

"With regard to your father," went on the older woman presently, "I may tell you that he has become terribly angry with you. He will not have your name mentioned. At first for a few days I believe he tried to find you; but since, knowing the step you have taken, he has ceased to care."

"But how do you know?" pleaded the girl.

"If he cared, would he not come here?"

"But how can he if he does not know where I am?"

"And could he not find out? Your father is a clever lawyer, and it would be easy for him to discover your whereabouts. But, beyond making a few inquiries, he has taken no steps. His feeling is that, as you have made your bed you must lie on it. As you know, he hates our Church, and now that you have left him and come to us he is more than ever embittered against us. As for you, he is so angry with you that even if you went home he would shut the door in your face."

The girl's eyes were filled with a great terror.

"Perhaps, after all, it is best," she said at length.

"Of course it is best," went on the nun. "It is well, my child,

that your eyes should be opened concerning the enemies of the Church, even when that enemy is your own father. Of course, you thought of him as kind and loving—now you know how much his love is worth. Naturally, he wanted you to marry that young barrister, who, he believes, will make a great reputation; and now that you have so angered him by seeking to save yourself from such a terrible sin, he has discarded you entirely. I am sure, my child, your mother is greatly to be pitied. We must pray for her, so that she remain firm amidst so much persecution."

Joyce's face became as pale as death. While she believed her father loved her and was seeking her, there was a feeling of tenderness in her grief; but now hard despair took the place of tenderness.

"As for the other man," went on the Mother Superior, "it is best that you should know the whole truth concerning him at once. He is engaged to a great heiress."

For a moment Joyce's heart ceased to beat. Her head swam, and everything became black. She had said to herself during her lonely hours that she hoped Harrington would not ruin his life by thinking of her, and that he would some day, in the distant future, marry someone more worthy; yet when the terrible words fell from the nun's lips it seemed that a dark abyss had opened at her feet.

"Yes," went on the Mother Superior quietly, "he was able to transfer his affections quite easily. Moreover, he was able to change his principles at the same time. I am told that he gained quite a reputation as a temperance advocate, and as an agitator against the rack-rent landlords of the East End of London. This in addition to his work at the Bar. Indeed, I am told that he was quite a bright light in the temperance party, and pleaded that the public-houses were England's greatest curse, while brewers were her greatest enemies. He also said that money made by drink was blood-money, while the rack-rent landlords ought to be treated as criminals. Perhaps you have heard him give expression to such sentiments, my child?"

"I know that he held very strong views about such things," replied Joyce, speaking like one in a dream.

"Yes, well, his new *fiancee* is the only daughter of a great brewer, and one who owns a large number of houses in the East End. I am told these houses are in a terrible condition, but that he has appointed a Jew agent, who mercilessly grinds out the last farthing from the poor people. But there, the young lady cannot help the sins of her father, can she? Besides, in addition to being enormously rich, she is also very pretty—at least, that is the report —quite a handsome, pleasure-loving, society woman."

For a moment a silence fell between the two women. The Mother Superior seemed to be looking at some object in the fields outside the convent, while Joyce was staring into vacancy. It seemed to her as though her heart were being crushed by cruel, coarse hands. At that moment there was nothing to live for, and she longed to die. But she did not speak, nor did she make a sound of any sort. Nothing mattered now. Her father was embittered against her, while the man to whom she had given her heart cared so little for her that after six months he had become engaged to another.

"The world is very wicked, very cruel, my child."

"Yes."

"Let us be thankful that here we are away from its temptations, its cruelties. Do you desire to go out into the world again, my child?"

"Oh! no—no—no!"

Even the Mother Superior looked at her anxiously. The tones of the girl's voice were full of a great agony. It seemed as though her heart might be breaking. For a moment the muscles in the older woman's face twitched, as though she were moved by the suffering of the poor child before her; but she went on pitilessly:

"You see, he quickly consoled himself."

"It is best. I—I hope he will be happy."

"Tear him from your heart entirely, my child. He was your enemy, and—and he never really cared for you."

"No, no, he could not."

"Ah, well, the Holy Mother has been good to you. Here you will find peace and rest. Here you will be the spouse of your Lord. Are you not glad and thankful that I have arranged for you to take the white veil?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Thank you, Reverend Mother, thank you."

"You want to die to the world, do you not?"

"Yes, yes. Please, *please*, Reverend Mother, let me take the veil as soon as possible. Oh, I long for rest and peace. I hate the world—oh, I hate the world!"

"That is well. Everything will be done quickly; but you must be patient, my child; you must be patient."

Joyce went away to her cell like one in a terrible dream. It seemed to her that the very foundations of her life were broken up—that everything which held her to the world was gone. Oh, how true were the words of the nuns who spoke to her in the convent at Fulham on the day she left home! She believed she had left happiness and joy; now she knew she had left deceitfulness, and cruelty, and sin. What was the loneliness and the weariness of convent life compared with the sin of the world? Better suffer anything than go back to it. Yes, instead of being afraid of those penances which some of the postulants had undergone, she would seek them. She would ask to go into some severe Order, where life was a continual mortification of the flesh. When she reached her cell, her eyes fell upon a picture of Catherine of Siena, on whose body it was said were the marks of the Lord Jesus Christ. But the light so fell upon it that the picture itself was dim, while her own face was reflected in the glass.

After all, in spite of her sorrow, she was still a woman. She called to mind what the Mother Superior had said about the girl Harrington was to marry. A rich, handsome society woman. She wondered what his future wife was like. Was she dark or fair? Did he ever think of her, she wondered. She called to mind what Harrington had said about her. He had told her that among all the women he had ever seen he had never seen one whose face was so pure, so perfect, so sweet, so guileless as hers. She remembered, too, the joy his words gave her. She rejoiced in her beauty, not because of herself, but because her beauty was pleasing to him, and because she hoped he would be proud of his wife. Even then she felt that he had told her the truth. The face in the glass was pale and sorrow-stricken, but it was still beautiful.

But she would destroy it. She would fast and torture herself until all her beauty had gone. Her rich, glossy hair, which she had been so proud of, should all be cut off, and she would grow thin, and wan, and haggard. Oh, yes; her only hope lay in crucifying the flesh. Her father was so angry with her that he would shut the door in her face if she went home; while Harrington was doubtless preparing for a gay wedding. Perhaps, some day, he would amuse his rich wife by telling her of a silly girl who had flirted with him, and who went into a nunnery.

Nothing was too hard for her to bear now. The world no longer had charms for her. She would in a few days take the white veil, and thus enter upon the second step in her probation. Thus it was that when she next went to confession she pleaded her desire to go into religion, and to forget the world for ever.

The days passed by until she came to the eve of the day on which she was to be "clothed." She had read the books which had been given her, and had eagerly listened to the advice given. One book especially had she studied, a book entitled "The True Spouse of Jesus Christ," especially as she was told that this book was the most perfect guide for nuns. Here she read that the Lord once said to St. Catherine of Siena, "Religious will not be obliged to render an account to Me of what they do through obedience; for that I will demand an account from the Superiors. . . . When, then, a religious receives a precept from her prelate, confessor, or superior, she should immediately execute it, not only to please them, but principally to please God, whose will is made known to her by their command. In obeying their directions, she is more certain of doing the will of God than if an angel came down from heaven to manifest His will to her."

She also read that, "According to all the masters of the spiritual life, he that desires to walk in the way of perfection *must* fly from relatives, must abstain from taking part in their affairs, and when they are at a distance, must not even inquire about them." And that the religious who tells her parents, and her brothers, and her sisters that she knows them not, is the true spouse of Jesus Christ. "The nun that leaves her relatives in effect and in affection shall obtain eternal beatitude in heaven and a hundredfold on earth."

All this the girl read eagerly. Even then it appeared to her as hard, but her heart did not rise in revolt. She was sure that only by becoming a nun could she find peace; only by leaving the world could she obtain eternal life. Thus, not only was she willing to obey her superiors; she longed to obey. If in obeying them she was sure she was obeying God, was it not the greatest privilege of her life to sink her own will in order to do theirs? Besides, it was difficult for her to know the will of God by her own unaided reason; but when her superiors or confessor told her, all was made plain.

For the time, therefore, Joyce was almost fanatical in her devotion to the Church. No penances were too hard, no work too degrading.

One day, before taking the veil, she saw the girl who had been treated so harshly. She noticed that the girl looked different; she was almost gay and frivolous.

Although she had been commanded to hold no communication with the other postulants, the change in her demeanor was so great

that she forgot herself, and asked her whether anything had happened.

"Yes," replied the girl; "I am leaving the convent."

"Leaving the convent! Why?"

"I have no vocation," laughed the girl. "By the way," and she lowered her voice, "are you rich—are you heiress to a lot of money?"

"I? Oh, no."

"It is very strange," said the other. "While it was believed that my uncle would leave me a lot of money, they were sure I had a vocation; but since they heard that he had become very poor, they say I have none."

"But they are taking me without a dowry. I have nothing."

"How do you know?"

"I am perfectly sure. My father is a poor lawyer, and I have no rich relations. Besides, my father is terribly angry with me since I left home. He is a Protestant."

"Well, they will not have me. Tell me, what is your name?"

"I must not tell you."

"But your Christian name—that does not matter; no one would object to that."

"Well, it is Joyce."

"Joyce—that is a queer name. I never knew anyone who had it."

"It was my grandmother's name."

"Ah, well, it does not matter. You are Ursula now, and you will go on having it, I suppose. Thank goodness, I have my old name again. It will be splendid to be called Jessie Robinson once more; I was awfully silly to come here. I ought to have known I was not fit for religion. But Father Brandon persuaded me."

"Father Brandon?"

"Yes: do you know him?"

Joyce was silent.

"He was always telling me I ought to be a nun, and at length he persuaded me. Well, I have done my best. I have done terribly hard penances, but I'll never be such a fool again."

"For shame!"

"I never shall—never. I shall try and get a situation in a Protestant home. You won't tell me your other name, nor where you have lived, nor anything?"

"No."

"Ah, well, you are going further into religion tomorrow, and I am going back to the world. I suppose we shall never see each other again."

"No, never."

"Oh," said the girl with a shiver, "I am glad I have no vocation."

"You must not speak like that—it is sinful."

"Is it? Ah, well, you will have to confess tomorrow; I shall not Good-bye." And the girl left Joyce alone.

For a moment the girl had a great longing to go away with Jessie Robinson, but she quickly remembered what she had been told about her father and her lover, and then she went away to pray alone.

When she awoke next morning, it was almost with a feeling of joy that she looked forward to the ceremony which she believed would for ever bolt the doors of the world against her.

(To be Continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

IN "The Woman of Babylon," you are given a life-like picture of the present workings of the Roman Catholic system. The serpent worms his way into the family circle, so thoroughly disguised that the unsuspecting husband has no suspicion of what is to happen, *until it has happened.* That is Rome's way when seeking a foothold among Protestants.

The following letter shows another way that Rome has—the serpent in this case being a nun. To the eye, she doubtless presents a pleasing appearance, and Protestants take her to be "a holy Sister," a dove of the Temple, etc:

Spokane, Wash., June 26, 1916.

Dear Sir: I have been a reader and admirer of your magazine for a long time, I know your efforts to do good have been successful, still I cannot help but wonder why you have so consistently overlooked one great source of evil, namely, the recruiting of Protestant girls for Catholic schools.

But perhaps you haven't learned the system by which this is brought about, but if you will read these lines your eyes will be opened, and if you give it the publicity it merits I am sure it will go far in preventing good Protestant parents from being hoodwinked and deceived by the agents of the Catholic church. The system used by some Catholic institutions is to send a nun dressed in citizen clothing out into the world to sing the praises of Catholic schools into the ears of unsuspecting Protestant parents. This nun usually takes the agency for some article and in the role of solicitor or demonstrator has very little trouble in getting into good homes. The rest is easy. No one ever dreams that the woman is a nun and as she spares no efforts to make herself agreeable, her words, or suggestions rather as to the best way to educate young ladies are given careful consideration. The latter part of March of this year I was in Issaquah, Wa., and happened to catch sight of a woman whom I instantly recognized as a nun who figured prominently in a kidnapping case in Tacoma three years ago. I attended that trial and as this nun, known as Sister Aloysius was on the stand as the principal figure of the long trial, her looks became familiar to me. This woman's name is Agnes McHugh, but for reasons known only to herself, perhaps, she now travels under the name of Margaret McHugh, and is demonstrating and selling "Velvetina" toilet articles.

I was curious to learn why she assumed the role of "beauty specialist," and if a nun is really as good morally as we are sometimes led to believe, it did not take me long to find out her real character. Her first evening in Issaquah was spent in the company of a traveling salesman from Seattle, and with my own eyes I saw her drinking straight whiskey with as much relish and ease as a saloon-keeper. March 27th I saw her in North Bend, Wn., in the company of a paint salesman named Chas. H. Ball. They registered at the Washington hotel and the traveling man spent the night in her room which was No. 15. March 29th we find her in the same room with M. C. Rugg. They appeared at the hotel plainly under the influence of liquor and they spent the night together. This couple next drove to Preston, Wn., and engaged two rooms, Nos. 25 and 27, with a bath between and connecting the two rooms. Only one bed was occupied. April 1st she went to Tolt, Wn., and registered at the Tolt hotel. April 2nd a young man whom she introduced as her brother came to the hotel and registered as C. J. McHugh. He stayed with her three days and spent every night in her room. April 8th she went to Seattle for another spree with C. H. Ball. They spent the afternoon in a questionable cafe, and her evening was spent at the Holland hotel with a Mr. Mulcave. She returned to Tolt the night of April 9th, ill from the effects of her spree with Ball and Mulcave. She returned to Seattle, April 12th, and stopped at the Holland hotel with Mulcave. They had room 418. April 24th this nun again met Mr. C. H. Ball and they went to Tacoma, where they registered at the Hotel Tacoma as C. A. Baldwin and wife, room 323. She again met C. H. Ball April 28th in Everett, Wn. They stopped at the Mitchell hotel, being well known there, and being a married man, he, to prevent a scandal, engaged two rooms, No. 25 and 26. A door opens from one room into the other. Only one bed was slept in. The following day, April 29th, she again went to Seattle, and to the Holland hotel, where she occupied a room

with G. I. Mulcave. We next find her at Cle Elum, Wn. She stopped at the Reed hotel, and her "dear brother," G. I. Mulcave was with her. He registered as C. J. McHugh. They were there about ten days and were together all the time, day and night. May 19th they left Cle Elum and went to Seattle and I rode in on the same train with them. They drove to the Hotel Diller and registered as C. I. Mulcave and wife. They had room 32. May 24th, they went into the mountains for a vacation. They registered at the Skykomish hotel in Skykomish, Wn., as G. I. Mulcave and wife, and occupied room 3 for two days.

We see them next day, May 26th, at Chiwaukum, Wn., where they camped in the forest near a small river. They remained about two weeks and passed as man and wife. There were no others in the party. A hunter from Chiwaukum happened to pass their camp one day and saw "Mrs." Mulcave standing stark naked near the fire, her "husband" was giving her a sponge bath. The hunter had to tell it, of course, and after that, many eyes were upon them and many disgraceful orgies were witnessed. They were well supplied with whiskey, and the two were intoxicated most of the time.

After the camping trip, the good nun went to her father's home to recuperate and Mulcave went with her. On June 16th, she again met C. H. Ball in Tacoma, they spent the night at the Olympus hotel. She registered the name of Margaret McKay and Ball registered himself Chas. E. Garcia. The following day, June 17th, she went to Seattle and with Mulcave registered at the Oxford hotel and occupied room 604. This woman is absolutely devoid of all sense of shame or decency **and still she has been a nun at the Visitation Convent in Tacoma for twelve years.** She is a wanton, a degenerate, so what chance has a girl to be good who receives training from such a woman? C. H. Ball and M. C. Rugg are both married men and their wives are good women, but this nun would deliberately wreck their homes. None of the men mentioned are Catholics. Many business and professional men of Tacoma, known for their lax morals, tell spicy tales of the times they have had with Sister Aloysius. A priest of Tacoma was moved to California because his intimacy with this nun became known. **Are we going to allow this filthy harlot to ensnare our Protestant girls, or are we going to give her the publicity that will insure her removal from public places?** It is up to you.

Every word of this is gospel truth and can be verified by any one who cares to go to the trouble of finding out for himself. If you will print this letter and not forget nor omit to print names of persons, places, hotels, etc., with the dates as you find them there, the public will be convinced.

Catholics have always maintained that your articles are not specific—they do not give names and places, which, of course, proves them to be false. Names and dates are given plainly enough here and every word can be proven to be true.

Wishing you God speed in your work,
I am, Very respectfully,
F. H. HAMILTON.

One of the great books of recent years is John Addington Symonds' history of the Renaissance in Italy. He devotes two volumes to the Catholic reaction, which effected a reformation within the church, and checked the spread of Protestantism.

Several austere popes, who had been libertines up to the age-limit, were relentless in their efforts at abolishing the vices they had themselves so much enjoyed before they became too old for carnal indulgence; and these reforming pontiffs compelled the clergy to at least seem to mend their evil ways.

The Emperor Charles V., having driven the French out of Italy, and reduced the republic of Florence to Medicean servitude, gave to the pope the indispensable and irresistible support of Spanish arms, with the result that Italy lay prone and motionless under the feet of Imperial and Papal tyranny.

What followed is summed up by Symonds in this overwhelming indictment—an arraignment which should be most thoughtfully considered, when we remember that *this* was what Roman Catholicism did for Italy, after the Church and the State united.

With almost superhuman energy and craft, the Roman church is again attempting to unite with the State; and, under recent Federal administrations, has made gigantic strides toward that goal:

After the year 1530 seven Spanish devils entered Italy. These were the devil of the Inquisition, with stake and torture-room, and war declared against the will and soul and heart and intellect of man; **the devil of Jesuitry,** with its sham learning, shameless lying, and casuistical economy of sins; the devil of vice-royal rule, with its life-draining monopolies and gross incapacity for government; the devil of an insolent

soldiery, quartered on the people, clamorous for pay, outrageous in their lusts and violences; **the devil of fantastical taxation,** levying tolls upon the bare necessities of life, and drying up the founts of national well-being at their sources; the devil of petty-princedom, wallowing in sloth and cruelty upon a pinchbeck throne; the devil of effeminate hidalgoism, ruinous in expenditure, mean and grasping, corrupt in private life, in public ostentatious, vain of titles, cringing to its masters, arrogant to its inferiors.

In their train these brought with them seven other devils, their pernicious offspring, idleness, disease, brigandage, destitution, ignorance, **superstition, hypocritically sanctioned vice.** These fourteen devils were welcomed, entertained, and voluptuously lodged in all the fairest provinces of Italy.

The Popes opened wide for them the gates of outraged and depopulated Rome. Dukes and marquises fell down and worshipped the golden image of the Spanish Belial-Moloch—**that hideous idol whose face was blackened with soot from burning human flesh, and whose skirts were dabbled with the blood of thousands slain in wars of persecution.**

After a tranquil sojourn of some years in Italy, these devils had everywhere spread desolation and corruption. Broad regions, like the Patrimony of S. Peter and Calabria, were given over to marauding bandits; wide tracks of fertile country, like the Sienese Maremma, were abandoned to malaria; wolves prowled through empty villages round Milan; in every city the pestilence swept off its hundreds daily; manufactures, commerce, agriculture, the industries of town and rural district, ceased; the Courts swarmed with petty nobles, who vaunted paltry titles; **and resigned their wives to cicisbei** and their sons to sloth: art and learning languished; **there was not a man who ventured to speak out his thought or write the truth; and over the Dead Sea of social putrefaction floated the sickening oil of Jesuitical hypocrisy.**

For four years, the Jesuits have weilded enormous influence over our Government; and, in the person of Tumulty, the Jesuit pope has had a spy at the President's elbow. The three Irish-American cardinals are Jesuits. The head of our Navy is a Jesuit. The 4th degree Knights of Columbus are ardent soldiers of the Jesuits. The daily press is controlled by the Jesuits. The U. S. Public Printing office is in the control of the Jesuits. The diplomatic service has fallen into the power of the Jesuits. The Army is steadily becoming more and more under the influence of the Jesuits.

Hand in hand with the advance of this terrible secret society, *goes Militarism*, which teaches unquestioning obedience to those in authority.

Cardinal Gibbons is constantly demanding space in the daily papers to advocate *universal compulsory military training;* and he states, as his main reason for wanting it, *that military training teaches prompt and humble OBEDIENCE.*

That is the very soul of Jesuitism, too.

The Jesuits teach *obedience*, meaning that *they* will control those whom the masses obey.

Let the people obey, no matter what the laws and the conditions may be; and let the Jesuits act as "spiritual guides" to those in power: thus the Jesuits will rule the rulers, and society will be saved from such horrors of disobedience as those which established civil and religious freedom.

Civil and religious freedom are damnable heresies: so are freedom of speech and of press: so are popular self-government, civil marriage, secular education, and the separation of Church and State: the popes, the Council of Trent, and the Canon laws of Rome are savagely agreed about all *that.*

With the Inquisition, the burning stake, the destruction of books, the horrible wars against Lutherans, Hussites, Zuinglians, and Calvinists, the Jesuits *did* triumph over the human mind, and almost bury Humanity, itself, until at last the French Revolution broke the spell, and men once more dared to be men.

But if Cardinal Gibbons, Pope Benedict, and other Jesuits can succeed in chaining our Republic to Militarism, all democratic principles will fall into disrepute, and the American ideal will give way to that of Imperialism—which demands unmurmuring obedience.

You would be short-sighted, indeed, if you failed to see that when *obedience* is the gist of education in America, the

time for free discussion will have passed.

You can't debate an order: you must obey. The essence of democratic government is *self-made laws*, after men have thought and talked and voted.

The essence of militarism is, just the reverse. *We* do not think, we do not talk, we do not vote: *we obey*.

Militarism evolves the military despot, as surely as democracy evolves the demagogue.

We do not love the demagogue, for he is a pest; but he never wrecks the government. The military despot changes the very nature of the State, and kills the civilization which evolved him.

Aurungzebe destroyed the great Mogul Empire of India, just as truly as Roman military despots put an end to that marvellous ascendency which the Republic had established.

The Jesuits prevailed on Louis XIV. of France to repeal the historic Edict of Nantes, which granted *partial* freedom of worship to the Protestants; and he thereby drove away his best industrial workers. France sunk into a complete military and religious despotism, with the consequence that heretical England wrested from her a colonial empire, beat her armies in the field, and drove her navy off the seas.

Jesuitism and military despotism worked the same moral death in France that it did in Spain. Not until the Revolution of 1789 was the French nation given a re-birth in freedom—a glorious Easter, after military and Jesuitical crucifixion.

Have you equipped your automobile with a Papal Preventive of Accidents?

If not, do so at once.

In view of the innumerable fatalities at grade crossings, and in collisions, bursted tires, turtle-turning, etc., the Holy Father has selected a Saint in Heaven, and assigned to this Most Blessed Spirit the duty of protecting you from all such happenings.

Bishop Canevin's paper tells you about it, as follows:

At the request of thousands of petitioning Catholics, including the queen mother Margarita of Italy, St. Christopher was designated by Pope Pius X. as the patron saint of automobilists. According to tradition, the saint, out of Christian charity, assisted people in crossing a dangerous river, and in this work one day was favored by carrying the Divine Child on his shoulders. It may be also a reminiscence of another Christopher, who succeeded in crossing "the dark sea" and discovering America. At Baldwin, L. I., a church will be erected in honor of the saint, in the near future, with the approval of Bishop McDonnell, of Brooklyn. Thousands pass this location every week in their automobiles, besides this site is near enough to permit excursionists leaving the city early Sunday morning to hear mass at St. Christopher and then continue on their journey. **(A very artistic medallion of the saint, which can be screwed to the auto, and bears the following inscription in French, "Look at St. Christopher, and then start in all security," may be had at James B. Cotter & Co., 1469-71 Logan street.)**

I trust you will duly appreciate the fact that the Pope's vendors of Papal Merchandise have chosen a "location" for the business that is convenient to all parties, including Sunday excursionists.

"Thousands pass this location every week in their automobiles," and each of them can easily stop at the Papal shop, buy a medal, and "screw it to the auto."

After having screwed the Saint to the auto, all that you have to do is to "Look at St. Christopher!"

The Saint does the rest.

Buy your Saints from James B. Cotter & Co., 1469 Logan St.

And *this* in the country whose Presidents refuse to sign bills restricting the immigration of pauper criminals and illiterates, and whose churches send twenty-three million dollars a year to China, etc., to *educate* heathen!

Bishop Canevin's paper assures its intelligent readers that after the image of the Saint has been screwed to the auto, and the chauffeur has had a "Look at St. Christopher," the motorists can "start in all security."

The Saint won't let anything occur which will mar the pleasure of the trip.

The image of the Saint costs a dollar.

AWFUL DEATH.

Father E. J. Schuetz, Chancellor of the diocese of Peoria, was killed; the Right Rev. Edmund M. Dunne, Bishop of Peoria, suffered a dislocated shoulder, and the Very Rev. James V. Shannon, Vicar General of Peoria, was slightly injured when an automobile in which the churchmen were going to a confirmation ceremony turned over into a ditch Wednesday near Princeville. Father Schuetz was pinned under the car. His neck was broken.—**Kentucky Irish American:** Catholic.

The only possible explanation of the above is, that these priests had neglected to screw the medal of the Saint to their auto.

PRIEST McDERMOTT AND THE ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS

The Priest Reiterates His Charges and Scores Archbishop Prendergast—Charges that A. O. H. Money Buys Indulgence for Its Continuance — Says Archbishop "Would Incur Hatred of a Bad Lot" if He Interfered—Recalls the Cronin Murder in Chicago.

If Mayor Mitchell of New York and Priest McDermott, of Philadelphia, would give to the public the facts which they have discovered on the inside of their church, The American Citizen and other patriotic papers would find their occupation gone to some extent, for the people would be fairly well enlightened. But so long as they remain in the church, and have friends and relatives therein, their disclosures will be limited to the mildest of charges—not "mild" in the sense of being unabhorrent to intelligent Americans, but "mild" as compared with what they might tell if they chose.

Now is it not a fact that the charges made by The American Citizen and other papers gainst popery, have been more than substantiated by recent papal testimony?

Take the charges of the New York monsignor and the Catholic judge, that 60 per cent of the youthful criminals are papal, though they are but 25 per cent of the population; the proven charges by Mayor Mitchell against papal "charitable" (?) organizations; the charges of Priest McDermott against the A. O. H. and its church officials; the scoring given the nuns by Federal Judge Landis, in Chicago, for taking away from a woman her baby while she was unconscious, and selling it to a rich schemer; these and other revelations confirm all that has been said by the so-called "enemies" of the Church of Rome.

DO NOT FORGET—the A. O. H. now being exposed by Priest McDermott, with its branches, the Clan-na-Gael and Molly Maguires, is **an honored and prominent adjunct of the "Catholic Federation," which has just met in New York.** It is a constituent part of popery, and is recognized by Cardinals Gibbons, Farley, and O'Connell.

McDermott Versus the A. O. H.

Since our last week's issue, Priest McDermott, one of the most honored priests in Philadelphia, has made these charges:

That a former president of the A. O. H. "plotted and planned the murder of Dr. Cronin in Chicago."

That the Molly Maguire gang was the A. O. H.

That Archbishop Prendergast, of Philadelphia, received from the A. O. H. $5,000 for windows "in the place of honor" in the cathedral.

That by gifts of money "to convents and parochial schools the A. O. H. has purchased favor."

Here are extracts from the letter of **McDermott to Prendergast.**

"It was a former national president of the A. O. H. who plotted and compassed this murder. His guilt was so well known in Philadelphia that one faction of the Irish patriots raised $8,000 to prosecute him as an accessory before the fact—as having guilty knowledge of the murder, as Mr. Crossin phrased it.

"When this man faced Doctor Cronin's friends in Philadelphia they were ready to tear him to pieces, as he raged like a lion before them his courage and threats saved him from the fate his guilt deserved, as a party who was present told me.

"The Rev. Francis J. McGovern, rector of St. Patrick's church, Pottsville, where mass will be said for the Ancient Order of Hibernians, when at St. Mary's church, Philadelpiha, vehemently declared he would not sing a requiem unless the invitation to an A. O. H. division to attend the funeral was revoked. His conduct on that occasion made the A. O. H. resolve, as they said, "to gun" for Father McDermott and force him to recognize the order.

"This mass is not desired as a propitiation for the sins of the order, nor as a thanksgiving for the unconvenanted mercies that have restrained God from destroying it, but it is employed as an advertisement which will form a stronger indusement to unsuspecting Catholics to join the A. O. H. than an invitation or exhortation from the altar."

"The Hibernian reported that you had received $5,000 from Joseph McLaughlin, national president of the A. O. H., for two memorial windows, and that you showed your appreciation of the gift by giving the windows the place of honor by putting them in the sanctuary of the cathedral.

"Your graceful acknowledgement of

these gifts and congratulations as well as the blessings sent in exchange for them, leave no doubt that yourself and the A. O. H. are friends and that the order enjoys your cordial approval and has your best wishes.

"Formerly Catholics could safely and successfully reject A. O. H. importunities to join by pleading that their priests condemned it, but now they can offer no excuse for refusing to join when their archbishop blesses the A. O. H. What security will inexperienced youths have against its wiles to inveigle them into the order when they find that their teachers have been made recruiting sergeants for the A. O. H. through its gifts to convents and parochial schools, when they find that commencement day is the date fixed for their initiation?

"You owe it to yourself and to religion to return their gifts and recall your blessings if the A. O. H. have put a false construction on your action.

"In the present instance neither your simplicity nor inexperience, nor ignorance of A. O. H. methods, prevented you from suspecting the object A. O. H. officials had in offering you gifts and congratulations.

"You know well what would be meted out to you if you had withheld your blessings; you must when its official hails you as 'the distinguished bishop of Philadelphia, whose zeal and intelligence are doing so much to promote the interests of religion in the diocese.'

"You would not incur the hatred of "a bad lot," nor the loss of popularity, nor of revenue by opposing the A. O. H. Valiant soldier, you would fight only when the general shielded you from the fire of the enemy. When you said that you would fight only from behind the bishop's back, you meant that you would not fight at all."

The priest in his letter to the archbishop quotes the Rev. J. L. J. Kerlin, of Frankford, as saying that the headquarters of the A. O. H. of Frankford (Philadelphia) "is a scene of drunken orgy from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning." He adds, "it goes without saying that this description fits nearly all, if not all, their halls."

He also says:

"An A. O. H. convention opened with mass in St. Patrick's church is not a whit less indecent than would be the holding of an A. O. H. convention in the courthouse where its members were convicted, than an A. O. H. jollification in the jail where they were imprisoned, than an A. O. H. dance around the scaffold on which they were executed.

"Since the electric chair has been substituted for the hangman's halter it would be in keeping with the proposed convention for the A. O. H. to purchase the gibbet and to have crosses made of it for the decoration of their division, county, State and national chaplains.

"Why should the A. O. H. make such a shameless exhibition of itself in the place where so many of its dupes were hanged?" the priest wrote. "Why should it desire a mass in St. Patrick's church, when a few feet from its altar lie the remains of the youth it summoned from Camden, N. J., to commit murder, and who accused it on the scaffold as responsible for the crime he was about to expiate; and who with his last breath said if he had listened to the counsel of his bishop and priests to abandon the A. O. H. he would not be condemned to such a disgraceful death?"

Says a daily paper:

"Priest McDermott was pastor in Pottsville and a conspicuous figure in the time of the famous 'Molly Maguire' terrorism and the subsequent conviction and execution of Kehoe and six others for the murder of scores of men, many of them of their own race and religion. He was the confessor of six of them, as they went to the gallows, and what he learned of the organization has ever since animated him in an attitude of vehement protest against secret societies of all kinds. His aggressive attitude on this question is known throughout the Catholic church in the United States.

Replies to John O'Dea.

John O'Dea, secretary of the A. O. H., tried to refute McDermott's statements by saying that the Molly Maguire crimes were, in defense of the Irish "against their hereditary enemies." The truth is that this A. O. H. society assassinated Irish Roman Catholics as well as men of other races and religion.

Says McDermott:

"Long before Mr. Gowan (President of the Reading R. R.) took cognizance of the crimes, Archbishop Wood had issued a circular letter to the priests warning them to abandon the A. O. H. because of its criminal tendencies.

"I myself," he declared, "did not form my ideas from what Archbishop Wood told me, as O'Dea indicates. I did not speak with him about the A. O. H. It was only that he gave his approval to the letter published at the time in the Catholic Standard.

"Mr. O'Dea stultifies himself by admitting that there were crimes committed in the coal regions, but he tries by attributing them to labor difficulties to absolve the A. O. H. from the crimes and then denounces some members of the A. O. H. for having participated in them and says they were dismissed because of that. While he admits the crimes, he has only the tensest kind of condemnation for those who prosecuted the criminals.

"As for Mr. Gowan, of whom he speaks as "the arch enemy of the people," he was the arch friend of the Schuykill valley.

"He made it possible for a man to live in security and peace in the coal regions. If it had not been for him all Irish Catholics would have been persecuted until they joined the order.

"Very few of the crimes were due to labor troubles, but most were because of wanton spite or the result of highway robbery.

"I hope the commercialism of certain gentlemen of Pottsville will not be permitted to disgrace the towns-people for the sake of raking in the shekels of the A. O. H. They should not thus take in a viper which will sooner or later sting them to the death."

He added: "The ghosts of the victims of the crimes of forty years ago will march in the court of honor in the A. O. H. procession Monday. Within fifty feet of where the mass is to be said I buried a man who had been brought to Pottsville by the A. O. H. and paid the penalty of his crimes."

O'Dea says that Cardinals Farley and O'Connell have been officers of the A. O. H. as well as Archbishop Glennon and Bishops Foley, Carroll, O'Connor, Christie, McFaul, O'Dea, O'Reilly, Shahan and others. He also says that the A. O. H. is recognized and blessed by the church.

MOLLY MAGUIRE CRIMES.

The American "Miner's Journal," of March 30th, 1867, published the following list of fifty murders committed in Schuykill County alone, between January, 1863, and March, 1867. From the records of subsequent legal investigations and trials, there is every reason to believe that nearly all of them were committed by the Molly Maguires organization, and by its orders. It is not to be wondered at that such a terrible series of crimes spread terror and dismay throughout the coal regions of Pennsylvania:

1863.—James Bergen, killed by shooting; Mary Cochlin, killed by her husband, Pottsville; Ellen Shay, killed by her husband, Timothy Shay, St. Clair; Joseph Riland, killed by Felix Cilley, Pottsville; Patrick Gillon, killed by Afl Leary, by stabbing, Norwegian township; Daniel Eckerly, killed by James Burk, by stabbing, Ashland; Gilmore, killed by cause unknown, Pottsville; Charles Mandham, killed by shooting, Pottsville; Patrick J. Hassey, killed by shooting, St. Claire; man unknown, killed by cause unknown, Tremont township; David Davis, killed by cause unknown, Mount Laffee; Margaret Brown, killed by kicks and blows, Norwegian township.

1864.—Patrick Ormsby, killed by pistol-shot, Mahonoy township; Hiram Freher, killed by beating, Tremont township; James Shiels, killed by Hugh Curran, by stabbing, Blythe township; Margaret Brennan, killed by cause unknown, Cass township; Alice Devlin, killed by John Britt, by shooting, Mine Hill Gap; unknown man killed by being mutilated, Mahonoy township; Elizabeth O'Brien, killed by cause unknown, Cass township; Robert Gardner, killed by clubs and axes by Dennis Aiken, John Donnolly, and a man unknown, Tremont township; Michael Bemerick, killed by shooting, Minersville; George W. Thompson, killed by violence, Tremont township; Reese Jenkins, killed by pistol-shot, Mahonoy township; John Lawler, killed by Patrick Dolan, by stabbing, Foster township.

1865.—Edward McAfee, killed by blows and kicks, Pottsville; Michael Darken, killed by Michael Merrick, by shooting, St. Clair; William Williams, killed by John Barnet, by shooting, Blythe township; William A. Boyle, killed by cause unknown, Pottisville; Enoch Evans, killed by stabbing, Port Carbon; Patrick Clawes, killed by James Brennan, by pistol-shot, Shenandoah City; Thomas J. Hagerty, killed by Hugh Riddle, by stabbing, North Manheim township; Nichalos Burkhard, killed by shooting, Pottisville; David Muir, killed by shooting, Reilly township; John McMachy, killed by Patrick Delaney, by stabbing, Foster township; Albert Pittz, killed by Thomas Griffith, by blow, Locust Dale.

1866.—H. H. Dunne, killed by shooting, Norwegian township; Mark Mala, killed by Thomas McAnalley, by shooting, Mahonoy township; Patrick Dooling, shot and killed while attempting to murder Mr. Lewis, boss at Cole'ss colliery, Mahonoy township; Lewis Williams, killed by Patrick Connors, by shooting, Llewellyn; George Theobald, killed by unknown person by shooting, Mahonoy township.

1867.—Michael Kain, killed by John Kain, by shooting, New Philadelphia; John Donohoe, shot and killed while attacking Northall's house, Tuscarora; William H. Littlehales, killed by unknown men, shooting, Cass township; Patrick Stinson, killed by James Gallagher, by shooting, Mahonoy township; Jacob Johnson, killed by Irish robber, by shooting, Union township.

For six years after the murders just named, the Molly Maguires continued their career of crime.—The American Citizen.

A venomous priest, Owen Hill, addressing 12,000 footkissers, at Fordham, New York, said:

THE CHARITY INVESTIGATION.

"The recent investigation of Catholic charities was set on foot by the enemy to

discredit us with the public, to cut off State aid, to cripple our efficiency, and if possible to close up our institutions. The result would be that multitudes of poor Catholic children would find they way into State homes and asylums to be robbed of their religion and lose their immortal souls. The State has a duty toward the Catholic poor as well as others. **Whatever the State pays Catholic institutions is due them in strict justice.**

"The man at the head and front of the investigation poses as a Catholic. He was put in power largely by Catholic votes, and the whole thing proves that some Catholics here in New York are Democrats and Republicans first and Catholics afterward. As soon as this attitude becomes general the fate of the Catholic Church in France and Mexico will inevitably overtake the Catholic Church in the United States.

"Here and there a traitor may arise within our church and do momentary havoc; but when the tragedy happens we Catholics are not panicky about the result. **The betrayal of the Master by Judas did not disrupt the infant church,** it did not break up the college of apostles. It tied the rope of self-murder around the neck of the traitor, and in the graphic language of the Scripture 'He went where he belonged.'"

This authorized attack by the clergy upon Mayor Mitchell of New York reveals the typical Romanist states of mind.

According to the Fordham priest, the State *owed the money* to the Catholic institutions; and after the church got its paws on the cash, the orphans could be treated like pariah pups, and it was *not* the State's business to inspect and protest.

In this case, the church institutions were getting five million dollars a year of the City's money, to be applied to the care of orphans; and the non-partisan investigation exposed the fact that the orphans were starved, infested with lice, half-naked, and utterly neglected educationally and morally.

But because the Mayor was an *honest* Catholic who believed in the Supremacy of the State, and the complete separation of Church and State, the Catholic prelates fell upon him with rancorous fury, comparing him to Judas.

Nobody has ever refuted the terrible charges against the church "charitable" institutions; but the counter charges of *felonious law-breaking*, which Mayor Mitchell brought against the rascally priests were thrown out *by a Hebrew judge, named Greenbaum.*

That was the extent of the "vindication" which the "charitable institutions" received at the hands of the law.

Nobody doubts that the priests did all in their power to bribe the witnesses to run away, and to hush the whole thing up.

The wire-tapping proved it beyond the slightest doubt.

"Monsignor" Dunn and the odorous Potter were caught red-handed.

The diabolical cruelty of the priests was shown in Kennel's case—*he being a Catholic who had told the truth ON GUILTY PRIESTS*:

"If my father dies, it will be because he loved the truth so much that he could not bear to have folks think he could be false, either to his Church or to his work. He was the best father that ever lived, and the best man, and one of the best Catholics."

A slender girl, with gray eyes, red and swollen from much weeping, yesterday in her home, at 51 Lott avenue, Forest Park, told the story of some of the psychological causes that had led her father, Detective John J. Kennel, to shoot himself in the wire-tapping room of the Hudson Terminal Building on Wednesday. As she spoke her father was still clinging to his chance for life at the Volunteer Hospital, and her mother lay prostrated by sorrow and anxiety.

"I hope those whose unkindness made him feel that he didn't want to live will be troubled all their lives by the thought of it," said Frances, his twenty-three-year-old daughter.

Thought Girl Was Snubbed.

That he believed this "little girl" had been snubbed after he had reported in court the telephone conversation of a priest of his church, was perhaps the sorest point of all with Detective Kennel. Frances had been his chum, and he felt for her the worshipping and protecting love a father often has for an only daughter.

He had a son, too, but disgrace does not matter so much to a boy. His girl must never be made to feel that her father was a renegade. That was undoubtedly how the detective's troubled thoughts ran in the days before he shot himself.

The Kennel home yesterday, cool and white-walled, with its closed shutters, had something of the air of a sanctuary. All

about it was the atmosphere of a place where religion is not taken lightly. A crucifix on its rosary protruded from under a pillow, and pictures of the saints hung at the foot of the bed where slept the man who day by lay had tapped a telephone wire and listened to a priest's conversation.

Those pictures may have troubled him with their placid faces and their holy eyes in the days when others were telling the detective that his church and his work could never be reconciled.

Persecuted for Doing Work.

"Indeed, there were people who persecuted him because of what he had done, although he had only done his work, and told the truth," said his daughter, sopping her eyes. "Who were they? I can't tell you that. We don't want to get into any more trouble. We have enough trouble now. We are heartbroken.

"No, it wasn't the neighbors who lived about us here at Forest Prak. They knew my father, and they liked him. Ask any of them what they thought of him. Ask them if he wasn't a fine, good man. They were all right, but other folks—I'm not going to tell you who—made my father feel he had done a terrible thing. He used to talk, but we didn't know he was so worried about it.

"The thing that bothered him most of all was the way he was treated in court, I think. Why, he was watched as if he had been a criminal, and sent from the room like a child! I know he felt disgraced and humiliated. It wasn't fair. He was a good officer, and he had only done his work.

"And he kept thinking and thinking and thinking about it. We see that now. He couldn't sleep. He believed we were all going to be disgraced for life because of him. And he thought it would be better if he didn't bring anything else like that upon us. My father would have done anything in the world for his family."

The foregoing is worth the space given it, because it affords a striking illustration of the power of the papal boycott, *even when the priests are known to be guilty.*

Kennel swore to having heard Dunn & Co. talking to Potter over the telephone, urging him to secretly slope out of New York, to escape an examination before the investigation committee.

The priests afterwards had to admit the conversation with Potter, but they said they were merely laying a trap to catch the police!

In the State of Georgia, it has been shown that the employment of Catholic teachers in the public schools had led to grave abuses. One of these teachers in Atlanta *seized the Testaments of the pupils, flung them into the stove and burnt them!*

Another instructed her classes to say, in answer to a question, "*The Catholic religion is the best.*"

Neither the State Superintendent, nor the County officials seemed to know that this kind of thing was going on.

Georgia is not the only State menaced by this insidious form of proselyting, as you will see from the following:

NUNS TO TAKE EXAMINATIONS

Hope to Secure Appointments in Illinois Public Schools—First Cases on Record.

Belleville, Ill., July 14.—Sister M. Angelina and Sister Cleta, nuns of a teaching order from St. Theresa's academy of East St. Louis, are among the persons taking special examinations for teachers' certificates in County Superintendent Hough's office in Velleville this week.

The nuns expect appointment to teach in public schools of Clinton County, Ill. This is the first time Catholic nuns have sought certificates for service in the public schools of St. Clair County.

Superintendent Hough said that it was permissible for nuns to teach in the public schools. He said a teacher's certificate issued in one county was good in any other county in Illinois.—Davis County Democrat, Washington, Indiana.

THE CARDINAL'S OATH.

A British Blue Book Confirms the Patriotic Press.

The following note on pages 122, 123 of "Wylie's History of the Papacy," confirms the reiterated contention of the patriotic press, that a Romanist true to the teaching of his church cannot be a loyal citizen of any form of civil government, much less that of a republic:—

In December last $(1850) Lord Palmerston addressed from the foreign office to her Majesty's representatives abroad, a circular, instructing them to transmit copies of any concordat or equivalent arrangement between the court of Rome and the particular government to which each representative was acredited. The replies from the substance of a Blue Book of about 350 pages, which has recently been published. We extract from the inclosures received by government in January last, from the oath Hon. Ralph Abercromby,

our representative at Turin, the copy of the oath required to be taken by new cardinals in Sardinia. It entirely, and for all governments, settles the question of what a cardinal is, proving him to be the sworn emissary spy, and creature of the court of Rome. He so pledges his allegiance to a foreign prince as palpably to rescind the allegiance due to his own sovereign.

The Cardinal's Oath.

"I,———, cardinal of the Holyv Roman Church, do promise and swear that, from this hour until my life's end, I will be faithful and obedient unto St. Peter, the Holy Apostolic Roman Church, and our Most Holy Lord the Pope and his successors, canonically and lawfully elected; that I will give no advice, consent, or assistance against the Pontifical Majesty and person; that I will never knowingly and advisedly, to their injury or disgrace, make public counsels intrusted to me by themselves, or by messengers or letters (from them); also that I will give them any assistance in retaining, defending, and recovering the Roman Papacy and the Regalia of Peter, all my might and endeavor, so far as the rights and privileges of my order will allow it, and will defend against all, their honor and state; that I will direct and defend, with due favor and honor, the legates and muncios of the apostolic see, in the territories, churches, monasteries, and other benefices committed to my keeping; that I will cordially co-operate with them, and treat them with honor in their coming, abiding, and returning; and that I will resist unto blood all persons whatsoever who shall attempt anything against them; **that I will by every way, and by every means, strive to preserve, augment, and advance the rights, honors, privileges, the authority of the Holy Roman Bishop our Lord the Pope,** and his before-mentioned successors; and that at whatever time anything shall be devised to their prejudice, which is out of my power to hinder, as soon as I shall know that any steps or measures have been taken (in the matter), I will make it known to the same our Lord, or his before-mentioned successors, or to some other person by whose means it may be brought to their knowledge.

"That I will keep and carry out, and cause others to keep and carry out, the rules of the Holy Fathers, the decrees, ordinances, dispensations, reservations, provisions, apostolical mandates, and constitutions, of the Holy Pontiff Sixtus, of happy memory, as to visiting the thresholds of the apostles, at certain preschibed times, according to the tenor of that which I have just read through.

"That I will seek out and oppose (persecute and fight against?)* heretics, schismatics, against the same our Lord and Pope and his before-mentioned successors, with every possible effort. When sent for, from whatever cause, by the same our Most Holy Lord, and his before-mentioned successors, that I will set out to present myself before them, or, being hindered by a legitimate impediment, will send some one to make my excuses; and that I will pay them due reverence and obedience. That I will by no means sell, bestow away, or pledge, or give away in fee, or otherwise alienate, without the advice and knowledge of the Bishops of Rome, even with the consent of the said chapters, convents, churches, monasteries, and benefices, the possessions set apart for the maintenance of the churches, monasteries, and other benefices committed to my keeping, or in any way belonging to them.

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*This double translation stands so in the Parliamentary Book: the original is omni conatu persecuturum et impugnaturum.—The Sentinel, Toronto.

All that the Roman church asks, anywhere, at any time, is liberty to worship, according to their own convictions!

So they told mankind, at that grandiose and defiant New York meeting, where the Pope's flag was placed above the Stars and Stripes.

In Mexico, they did not demand the restoration of their power to dominate: they simply wanted to be let alone, while they and the Pardres were eating and drinking Jesus Christ.

Read the following:

"Intolerant and ignorant," fitly describes Roman Catholic Ireland. The following taken from **The Sunday School Journal** (the Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati and New York), Sept., 1916, p. 729, portrays the product of an intolerant and bigotted priesthood:—

"Even in Christian lands there are persecution and suffering. The **Record of Christian Work** says that some of the bravest Christian pioneering of the present time is going on, not in the Far East, nor in the Mohammedan world, but in Ireland. The Hunan antiforeign fanatics in China twenty years ago may have constituted a dangerous mob to face, but not more dangerous than the bitter and ignorant Irish Catholics of Munster. In 1898 Dr. J. J. Long, the son of a clergyman of the Church of Ireland, was sent to open a medical mission in Limerick under the auspices of the Irish Church Mission. Long was told that if he spoke of Christ's gospel to the people of the place he would, some

fine day, be found floating in the Shannan face downward. But he opened a dispensary, where he gave away not only drugs, but the gospel. It prospered for several months, when the storm broke. His mission was denounced in all the Roman Catholic churches in Limerick. A priest, dog-whip in hand, rode up and down before the mission. The bishop pronounced it a sin to go to the mission, so great that no priest in Limerick could pardon it. Absolution could be granted only by the bishop himself. Patients were assaulted and beaten. A Protestant who sent for Dr. Long to attend a sick daughter had his doors and windows broken, his family stoned, and finally he was compelled to leave his tenement. One former Catholic and his wife attended services in the Episcopal church. They were thrown out of employment and their homes attacked by a raging mob. Several families of converts emigrated to Ontario. The Catholic church was strong, but the people were ignorant and servile.

"In 1907, 1908, and 1909 a search for Bibles and Testaments was made, approved by Rome, in various cities and towns throughout Ireland, and not a single copy could be purchased in any bookshop of Drogheda, Wexford, Clonmel, Wicklow, Balbriggan, Mullinger, and a host of smaller places. In only a few shops in Dublin, Cork, Limerick, and Galway, could they be found. In Kilkenny, Athlone, Tralee, Killarney, Listowel, only one copy of the Bible or New Testament could be obtained in each town. In some instances it was offered at a reduction, as 'the Bible was never asked for.' Dr. Long estimates, after long personal observation, that not one per cent of the people of Limerick have had the New Testament in their hands. Yet that city of under forty thousand persons boasts, besides its ample supply of Catholic secular clergy, five varieties of monkish communities—Jesuit, Augustinian, Franciscan, Dominican, and Redemptorist. These facts throw some light upon the desperate resistance made by the Protestants of Ulster to the proposition to hand Ireland over to the Pope under the plea of 'home rule.'

Rome has decreed that America shall be made "dominantly Catholic." Should her determined propaganda terminate as she has decreed, and Romanism gain the ascendancy in the United States, there will be no further need of the American Bible Society. An open Bible is Rome's worst enemy; a closed Bible means the triumph of intolerance, bigotry, persecution. Protestants and light and liberty are God's triad; Romanism and darkness and devilry ever go hand in hand.

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